

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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No. 10.—WITH CARTOON.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1869.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

MADAME DE POMPADOUR'S FAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

[CONCLUSION.]

IV.

"SHE will protect me! She will come to my rescue! Ah, the abbé was right when he said that one look would decide my fate. Yes, these eyes so smiling, and so arch; this little mouth, delicious and merry; this little foot, buried under a rosette. This is my good fairy!"

Thus thought the chevalier as he went back to his inn.

Whence sprang this sudden hope? Did his youth alone inspire it, or had the eyes of the marchioness spoken to him?

But there was always the same difficulty in the way. If he saw the utter impossibility of being presented to the king, was it not equally difficult to be presented to the marchioness?

He spent the greater part of the night in writing a letter to Mdlle. D'Annebault, in much the same style as the former one which Madame de Pompadour had read to the king.

To repeat this letter would be useless. Lovers

and madmen are the only two classes who continually say the same things, and find their repetitions interesting. At daybreak the chevalier went out and walked about the streets in a brown study. It did not occur to him that he might go to the abbé and ask his assistance, though that would have been the most natural thing to do. But a mixture of false pride and romantic feeling withheld him from this step. He imagined what the abbé would say to him if he went to see him: "You happened to be on the spot to pick up a fan which had fallen. Well, did you know how to make the most of your lucky opportunity? What did you say to the marchioness?"—"Nothing."—"But you should have spoken to her!"—"I was embarrassed. I lost my self-possession."—"That was very wrong. You should have made the most of your opportunity; however, we must do our

best to repair your error. Would you like to be introduced to Mr. Such-a-One, he is one of my friends, or to Madame So-and-So, she is better still? She will present you, to this lovely marchioness, who frightened you so much," etc.

Now, the chevalier did not wish any such things to be said. It seemed to this young simpleton that talking over his adventure would spoil it entirely. He said to himself that chance had done for him an unheard-of and incredible thing, which ought to remain a secret between him and Fortune; to confide this secret



to another would be, in his opinion, to show that he was utterly unworthy of Dame Fortune's favors.

"I went quite alone to Versailles, yesterday," thought he, "I will go alone to the Trianon to-day."

The Trianon was just then the residence of the favorite.

Such decisions may and do doubtless seem absurd to reasonable spirits, who neglect nothing to secure their ends, and leave nothing to chance. But the coldest people, if they have ever been young (which, alas! everybody has not been, even in the youthful days of life), can understand this strange sentiment, at once timid and bold, dangerous yet fascinating, which draws us on toward our fate. We feel that we are blind, but we like it; we do not know where we are going, but we walk forward. The charm lies in this recklessness, in this utter ignorance. This is the pleasure of the artist who dreams of his next work; of the lover who spends the night under the windows of his mistress; it is also the instinct of the soldier, and, more than all, the spell which holds the gamester.

The chevalier, he hardly knew why, soon found himself going toward the Trianon. Without being richly dressed, he had yet a certain air of elegance, and that subtle self-possession which would have prevented any servant's asking him where he was going. It was not difficult for him, after some inquiries about the route, to reach the entrance of the chateau, if that title may be justly applied to this play-house of marble, which has seen so much pleasure and so much sorrow within its walls. Unluckily the gateway was closed, and a fat lackey wrapped in a heavy overcoat, marched, with his hands behind his back, up and down the avenue, with the air of a person who is waiting for somebody.

"The king must be here," thought the chevalier, "or else the marchioness is not here. When the gates are shut and the servants march about, their masters are either engaged or gone out."

What should he do now? All the courage and hope that he had felt a moment since vanished, and in their place disappointment and anxiety took possession of him. The thought, "The king is here!" frightened him more than the few words, "The king is coming!" which he had heard the night before in the palace; for then he had not seen Louis XV., and now he knew that cold look, that majestic and indifferent manner.

"Heavens, what a fool I should make of myself were I to push in here, and find myself perhaps face to face with this proud monarch, taking his coffee perchance on some rustic seat."

Thoughts of the Bastille floated before him; instead of the pretty face of the marchioness, visions of prison walls, black bread, and even of torture, rose before him. He knew the story of Latude. The more he thought of his position, the more his hopes died out.

"And yet," thought he, "I am not doing anything wrong. My conscience is clear. I have never even written a squib against anybody. I am here to ask justice, and I was so well received yesterday at the palace! all the servants were so polite! What am I afraid of? of making a fool of myself? I shall probably do that many times with less excuse for it."

He approached the gate, and touched it with his finger. It was not locked. He opened it and entered quietly. The lackey turned and spoke:

"What do you want? Where are you going?"

"To see Madame de Pompadour."

"Are you to have an audience?"

"Yes."

"Where is your letter?"

This was a new experience. Last evening every servant called him marquis, and he had a pass from the Duc d'Aumont. Now he was nobody, as it seemed, and liable to be cross-questioned.

The chevalier looked down, and saw that his white stockings and shoe-buckles were covered with dust. He had committed the unpardonable sin of coming on foot, in a place where nobody ever walked. The servant looked at him, not from head to foot, but from feet to head. The coat was well enough, the hat only passable, and the hair not powdered. After this brief examination, the lackey again spoke:

"You have no letter. What do you want?"

"I should like to speak to Madame de Pompadour!"

"Indeed! and you imagine that is all that is necessary to do it!"

"I know nothing about that. Is the king here?"

"Perhaps so. Go away, and leave me in peace."

The chevalier wished to keep his temper, but in spite of himself this insolence made his blood boil.

"I have sometimes told a lackey to be off, but never before had a lackey say it to me."

"Lackey, to me! lackey!" cried the servant, in a rage.

"Lackey, porter, guard, or valet—I care very little which—it's all about the same thing."

The porter made a step toward the chevalier, his face on fire with anger, and shaking his doubled fists. The young man quietly put his hand upon his sword.

"Be careful," said he; "I am a noble, and it will only cost me thirty-six francs to put a rustic like you under ground."

"If you are a noble, sir, I am in the service of the king. I am only doing my duty, and believe me—"

At this moment the sound of a trumpet was heard in the distance, and repeated by an echo from the wood of Satory. The young man let his half-drawn sword fall into the scabbard, and, forgetting all about the quarrel, cried:

"The king is just going out to the hunt! Why did you not tell me that before?"

"Because it was none of my business, nor yours either."

"Listen to me, my good man. The king is not here. I have no letter. I have no appointment. But here is some money for you—let me pass."

He drew some gold from his pocket: the servant looked at him with sovereign contempt.

"What do you mean?" said he, scornfully. "Do you think you can introduce yourself in this fashion into a royal residence? Instead of ordering you off, take care that I don't have you locked up in prison."

"You, scoundrel!" cried the young man, in a fury, and seizing his sword.

"Yes, I!" replied the fat man. But, during this conversation, in which the historian regrets that his hero does not appear to greater advantage, thick clouds had darkened the sky; a storm was brewing. A flash of lightning was followed by a loud peal of thunder, and the rain began to fall in torrents. The chevalier, who still had his gold in his hand, saw a drop of rain on his dusty shoe as large as a silver crown-piece.

"Peste!" cried he, "I must get under cover. I don't want to be drenched."

And he went into the cave of Cerberus, that is to say, the room of the *concierge*, and throwing himself unceremoniously into the arm-chair of this enraged porter—

"How tiresome you are," said he, "and how unlucky I am! You take me for a conspirator, and do not understand that I have a petition in my pocket for the king. I am from the country, to be sure, but you are a fool!"

The servant's only reply was to go into a corner, and take his halberd, and remain there, standing, armed.

"When will you go out?" he cried, with the voice of a stentor.

The quarrel, which had been forgotten, seemed this time to be a serious matter, for the big hands of the porter trembled with passion as he grasped his pike. What would have happened I don't know. What *did*, was this: on suddenly turning his head, the chevalier cried out, "Who is this coming?"

A young page, mounted on a superb horse (not an English one—at that time thin legs were not in fashion), came toward the gate at a full gallop. The avenue was soaked with rain; the gateway only half open; he checked the horse; the servant advanced, and opened the gate; the page gave spurs to his horse again; the animal started suddenly; his feet slipped on the wet flagging, and he fell.

It is inconvenient, not to say dangerous, to try to lift up a horse that has fallen down; the gesticulations of the animal, who does the best he can to help himself, are extremely disagreeable, especially when one has one leg caught under the beast.

The chevalier, without pausing to reflect on these inconveniences, sprang to the rescue, and managed so adroitly, that soon the horse was on his feet again, and his rider free from danger of being crushed. But he was covered with mud, and could not walk without limping.

The chevalier assisted him into the room of the porter, and, when he was seated in the arm-chair, the page said:

"Sir, I am sure you are a gentleman. You have done me a great service, and you can do me another still greater. Here is a missive

from the king to the marchioness, and it is very pressing, as you may imagine, since my horse and I have nearly broken our necks in trying to deliver it speedily. You see that, in my condition, with this limping leg, I cannot carry this letter. To do that I should have to be carried myself. Will you take the note for me?"

At the same moment he drew from his pocket a large envelope, gilded with arabesque characters, and sealed with the royal seal.

"Most willingly, sir," replied our hero, taking the letter; and, light as a feather, he started, almost dancing on his tiptoes.

V.

WHEN the chevalier reached the château, a guard stood before the entrance.

"From the king," said the young man, who no longer feared guardsmen, and, showing his letter, he passed gayly through a crowd of servants. A tall hussar, standing in the middle of the vestibule, and seeing the order and the royal seal, bowed gravely like a poplar bent by the wind, then, with one of his bony fingers, he touched a corner of the carved wainscoting. A little door, hidden by tapestry, opened as if of itself: the bony man made a sign to our hero, the chevalier entered, and the tapestry closed softly behind him.

A silent footman led him then into a saloon, then into a corridor, into which two or three small cabinets opened, then into a second room, and begged him to wait here an instant.

"Am I still in the palace of Versailles?" said the chevalier to himself. "I seem to be engaged in the same game of hide-and-seek."

The Trianon was not at that time what it had been, nor what it now is. It has been said that Madame de Maintenon made an oratory of Versailles, and Madame de Pompadour transformed it into a boudoir. It has been said also of the Trianon that Madame de Montepan made a boudoir of this little château of porcelain. But, whatever may be said of these boudoirs, it may also be said that Louis XV. was at home there.

One of the galleries where his ancestor had walked in solitary grandeur, had been divided into numerous small apartments. They were furnished in all sorts of colors, and the king fluttered like a butterfly in these thickets of silk and velvet.

"Do you think my little boudoirs are furnished in good taste?" asked the king of the beautiful Countess de Seran.

"No," said she, "I prefer blue."

As blue was the king's color, the reply flattered him, and, at the second rendezvous, Madame de Seran found the room furnished in blue, as she had desired.

The room in which the chevalier found himself was neither blue, pink, nor white, but all mirrors. We all know how much a pretty woman who has a perfect figure gains from having her form reflected under so many aspects. She dazzles, she envelops, so to speak, the man whom she desires to please. Whichever way he turns he sees her—how can he escape her? He must either fly, or avow himself vanquished. The chevalier looked into the garden; there, behind the alleys and the labyrinths, the statues and vases of marble, began to peep out the pastoral taste which the marchioness was just bringing into fashion, and which, in later times, Madame du Barry and Marie Antoinette carried to such a high degree of perfection. Already rural fancies were crowding out ancient caprices. Already sturdy Tritons, grave goddesses, and learned nymphs and big-wigged busts, frozen with horror in their green niches, saw an English garden rising from the midst of astonished yews. Little lawns, little brooks, little bridges, already began to dethrone Olympus, to replace it by a dairy, strange parody of Nature which the English copy without understanding; true child's play becomes the pastime of an indolent sovereign, who did not know how to get rid of melancholy in Versailles itself. But the chevalier was too much charmed to find himself there, to indulge any such reflections. He was, on the contrary, ready to admire every thing, and he did admire in good earnest, turning his letter in his fingers, as a rustic does his hat, when a young girl opened a door and said gently, "Come, sir."

He followed her, and, after having passed through several more or less mysterious corridors, she led him into a large room, where the blinds were half-closed. There she paused, and seemed to listen.

"Still, hide-and-seek," said the chevalier to himself. In a few moments another door opened, and a second young girl, even prettier

than the first, repeated the same words in the same tone—"Come, sir."

If he had been moved and excited in Versailles, he was much more so here, for he felt that he was upon the threshold of the temple in which his divinity was enshrined. He advanced with a beating heart. A soft light, stealing through lace curtains, banished the darkness; a delicious and almost imperceptible perfume floated about him. The young girl lifted the corner of a silken curtain, and in a room truly elegant in its simplicity sat the lady of the fan, that is to say, the all-powerful marchioness.

She was alone, seated near a table, dressed in a morning wrapper; her head rested on her hand, and she seemed absorbed in thought. As the chevalier entered, she rose from her seat with a sudden and involuntary motion.

"You come from the king?"

The chevalier might have spoken, but he could find nothing better in the way of reply than a profound bow, as he gave to the marchioness the letter of which he was the bearer. She took it with extreme eagerness. Her hands trembled as she broke the seal. This letter, written by the hands of the king, was a long one. She devoured it, so to speak, with one glance; then she read it again carefully, with knitted brow and compressed lips. She was not beautiful at that moment, and no longer seemed the lovely vision of the court-ball. When she had read it all, she seemed to be thinking; little by little her color returned to her pale cheeks (at this early hour she was not yet rouged); not only did grace seem to return to her, but a flash of real beauty stole over her delicate features; her cheeks glowed like the heart of a rose; she sighed, let the letter fall on the table, and turned to the chevalier.

"I have kept you waiting," she said, with a charming smile; "but I had not risen, and, in fact, I am hardly up yet. That is why I have been obliged to make you come in such a roundabout way, for I am besieged here as much as if I were in my own residence. I would like to send back a reply. May I trouble you to carry my message?"

The chevalier saw that he must speak now; he had gained a little courage by this time. "Alas, madame," said he, sadly, "it is a great favor that you offer me, but unfortunately I cannot avail myself of it."

"Why not?"

"I have not the honor of being in the service of his majesty."

"How, then, did you get in here?"

"By chance. I met a page who fell headlong on the ground, and who begged me—"

"What! fell headlong?" exclaimed the marchioness, laughing; for she seemed so happy now that gaiety was natural to her.

"Yes, madame; he fell from his horse at the gate. I happened to be there, luckily, so I helped him to get up, and, as his coat was spoiled, he begged me to deliver his message."

"And by what chance did you happen to be there?"

"Madame, I have a petition to present to his majesty."

"His majesty lives at Versailles."

"Yes, but you live here."

"Hum, hum—it seems, then, you wished to get me to do an errand."

"Madame, I beg you to believe—"

"Don't be troubled; you are not the first one. But why do you address yourself to me? I am only a woman, like any other."

As she said these words, the marchioness cast a glance of mocking triumph on the letter which she had just read.

"Madame," replied the chevalier, "I have always heard it said that men exercise power, but that women—"

"Rule the rulers—is it not what you would say, sir? Very well; there is a queen in France."

"I know it, madame, and that is why I happened to be here this morning."

The marchioness was more than accustomed to similar compliments, but, on this occasion, this seemed to please her very much.

"But how did you expect to get in here?" she asked. "On what grounds did you hope for success? for I do not suppose that you expected a horse to fall down for your especial benefit."

"Madame, I thought—I hoped—"

"What did you hope?"

"I hoped that chance—"

"Always chance—Dame Fortune seems to be one of your friends."

But I warn you that, if you have no others, you are in a sad case."

Perhaps Fortune, the malignant goddess, wished to revenge herself for this irreverence, for the chevalier, more and more embarrassed by this conversation, saw all at once on the table the very same fan that he had picked up the night before. He took it, and, kneeling, as he had done on the previous evening, he presented it to her, saying—

"This, madame, is the only friend that I have here."

The marchioness seemed, at first, surprised; she looked from the fan to the young man, hesitated a moment, then said—

"Ah! you are right; I remember you; I saw you last evening, after the play, with Monsieur de Richelieu; I dropped my fan, and you 'happened to be there,' as you say."

"Yes, madame."

"And very gallantly, like a true knight, you returned it to me. I did not thank you, sir; but I have always believed that he who knows how with grace to take up a lady's fan will know how also, when there is occasion for it, to pick up a gauntlet; and we women like that."

"And you are right, madame; for, before I got in here, I came near having a duel with the porter."

"Mercy on us!" cried the marchioness, bursting into a second fit of laughter, "a duel with the porter! and for what?"

"He would not let me in."

"That would have been a pity. But who are you? What do you want?"

"Madame, I am the Chevalier de Vauvert. Monsieur de Biron had asked a place in the guards for me—"

"Oh, I remember. You are from Neauflette; you are in love with Mademoiselle d'Annebault."

"Madame, who could have told you that?"

"Oh, I warn you that I am very much to be feared. When my memory fails me, I divine things. You are related to the Abbé de Chauvelin, and refused on his account—are you not? Where is your petition?"

"Here, madame; but, in truth, I cannot understand—"

"And of what use is it to understand? Rise, and put this paper on the table. I am going to reply to the king. You shall carry to him, at the same time, your petition and my letter."

"But, madame, I thought I had told you—"

"You shall go. You came in here with a message from the king; is it not so? Very well; you shall enter *there*, sent by Madame de Pompadour, lady of the palace to the queen."

The chevalier bowed, without a word, for he was bewildered. Everybody knew how many struggles, intrigues, and schemes the favorite had set in motion to obtain this title, "lady of the palace to the queen," which, after all, brought her only a cruel insult from the dauphin. For ten years she had desired it. She had persisted, and she had succeeded. M. de Vauvert, whose love-affairs she knew, though he was a stranger to her, pleased her as the bearer of good news.

Standing behind her, motionless, the chevalier watched the marchioness, as she wrote, at first, with all her heart in it, with fire; then she paused, reflected, put her delicate hand to her beautiful brow. She was restless; an observer annoyed her. At last she drew her pen through a word; however, it must be said, that this was only the first rough draft of her letter. On the other side of the table, opposite the chevalier, shone a beautiful Venetian mirror. The timid messenger dared scarcely lift his eyes; yet it was very difficult for him not to look into this mirror which reflected the restless but lovely face of the newly-appointed lady of the palace.

"How lovely she is!" thought he. "It is a pity I am in love with another; but Athenais is also pretty, and, besides, it would be such treason on my part—"

"What are you talking about?" said the marchioness; for the young man had thought aloud without knowing it. "What did you say?"

"Madame, I am only waiting."

"I have nearly finished," said the marchioness, taking another sheet of paper; but, as she moved to turn the note, her wrapper slipped off her shoulders.

Fashion is a strange thing. Our grandmothers thought it not at all odd to go to court with gorgeous dresses which left the bust uncovered; they saw no impropriety in that, but they carefully concealed

their backs, which the ladies of our time show at balls or at the opera.

It is a newly-discovered beauty. On the delicate white shoulder of Madame de Pompadour there was a little black spot which looked like a fly dropped into milk. The chevalier looked at this spot like a rattle-brained boy who tries to look serious, and the marchioness, holding her pen in the air, looked at him in the mirror. In this mirror a rapid glance was exchanged—a glance which all women understand, which said, on one side, "You are charming;" on the other, "I am not sorry that you find me so."

The marchioness rearranged her wrapper.

"You were looking at my mole, sir."

"I did not look, madame; I saw, and I admired."

"Here, take my letter; carry it with your petition to the king."

"But, madame—"

"What now?"

"His majesty is at the hunt. I heard the trumpets in the wood of Satory."

"True; I had forgotten it. Well, to-morrow, the day after, no matter when. No, go at once. Give this to Lebel. Adieu, and remember, sir, that this spot which you have seen no one else in the kingdom but his majesty has ever looked upon; and, as to your friend Chance, I beg of you to say to her that it is dangerous to think aloud, as she did a little while ago. Adieu, chevalier."

She touched a little bell; then, lifting a cloud of laces, extended her bare arm to the young man. He knelt again, and just touched with his lips the rosy finger-tips of the marchioness. She did not think him rude—far from that, only a little too modest.

Immediately the young attendants reappeared, and behind them, like a church-spire among a flock of lambs, the bony man who, always smiling, led the way out.

VI.

ALONX, seated in an old arm-chair in his little chamber at the inn of the Sun, the chevalier waited the next day, and the day following, and still not a word from the court. "Singular woman—gentle and haughty, amiable and revengeful, the most frivolous and the most obstinate of human beings! She has forgotten me. Oh, misery! She was right—she can do anything; I can do nothing."

He rose, and paced up and down his little chamber.

"No, I am nothing here. My father told me the truth. The marchioness has made a jest of me; it is plain enough. While I looked at her, it was her own beauty which pleased her. She liked to see in her mirror and in my eyes the reflection of her charms, which are truly incomparable. Yes, her eyes are small; but what expression! And Latour, before Diderot, took the dust from the wing of a butterfly to paint her portrait. She is not tall, but her figure is so fine—ah! Mademoiselle d'Annebault, my darling, how could I forget you as I am doing?"

Two or three light knocks on the door roused him from his reverie.

"Who is there? Come in!"

The long man dressed in black, with a fine pair of silk stockings which did their best to conceal the absence of calves to his legs, entered, and made a low bow.

"This evening, M. le chevalier, there is a masquerade ball at the court, and madame the marchioness has sent me to say that you are invited to be present."

"Very well, sir, and many thanks."

As soon as the bony man had gone, the chevalier rang his bell; the same servant who had three days previous assisted him to dress helped him now to put on the gold-laced coat, trying to brush it better still; after which the young man walked toward the palace, invited, this time, and more calm in appearance, yet, in reality, more timid and excited than when he first entered this court world, then all unknown to him.

VII.

BEWILDERED, nearly as much as the first time, by all the splendors of Versailles which, this evening, was by no means a desert, our hero walked through the long gallery, looking about on all sides, and trying to discover why he was there; but nobody took the slightest notice of him.

At the end of an hour, he became tired of this solitude, and was

about going away, when two masks, dressed exactly alike and seated on a lounge, rose and stopped him. One of them pointed her finger at him like a pistol; the other came to him, and addressed him.

"It seems, sir," said she, taking his arm familiarly, "that you are on very familiar terms with our famous marchioness."

"I beg your pardon, madame, but of whom are you speaking?"

"You know well enough."

"I have not the slightest idea!"

"Nonsense!"

"Indeed, I have not."

"All the court knows about it."

"But I am not one of the court."

"This is absurd. I tell you that every one knows all the story."

"That may be so, madame, but I am ignorant of what you mean."

"You are not ignorant of the fact that the day before yesterday a page fell from his horse at the gateway of the Trianon. Were you not there, by chance?"

"Yes, madame."

"Did you not aid him to rise?"

"Yes, madame."

"And did you not enter the château?"

"I did, madame."

"Did you not have a letter given you?"

"Yes, madame."

"Did you not carry it to the king?"

"Certainly I did."

"The king was not at the Trianon. He was hunting; the marchioness was alone, was she not?"

"Yes, madame."

"She had just risen; she was scarcely dressed; they say she had on only a wrapper."

"People who talk so much say anything that comes into their heads."

"Very well; but they say that you and she exchanged glances which did not displease her."

"What do you mean by that, madame?"

"That she took a fancy to you."

"If so, I know nothing of it, and I should be sorry enough if the kindness she showed me, so great and so rare, which I had no reason to expect, and for which I am deeply grateful, should give rise to such baseless scandal."

"You take fire very quickly, chevalier; one would think you would like to challenge all the court, but you will never be able to kill so many people."

"But, madame, if this page did fall, and if I did carry in his message, be so kind as to tell me why I am cross-questioned in this way?"

The mask pressed his arm, and whispered, "Listen."

"As long as you like, madame."

"This is what we think, now. The king no longer loves the marchioness, and no one now believes that he ever did love her much. She has just committed an imprudence. She has incensed the Parliament with her tax of two sous, and now she has ventured to attack a still greater power, the Jesuits. She will be defeated; but she has weapons, and, before perishing, she will make use of them to defend herself."

"But, madame, what is this to me?"

"I will tell you. De Choiseul is half at variance with De Bernis; they are not either of them quite sure of what it is best to do. De Bernis must go, De Choiseul must take his place. One word from you can effect this."

"And how, I beg to know, madame?"

"By merely relating your visit the other day."

"What connection can there be between my visit, the Jesuits, and the Parliament?"

"Write a few words for me. The marchioness will be ruined, and be assured that the warmest gratitude—"

"I beg your pardon, madame, but that is a cowardly act which you ask of me!"

"Is not all fair in politics?"

"I do not know about that. Madame de Pompadour dropped her fan near me. I picked it up and gave it to her. She thanked me, and permitted me, with that grace of which she is mistress, to thank her in return."

"All this is folly; time presses. I am the Countess d'Estrades. You love my niece, Mademoiselle d'Annebault. Do not deny it; it is useless. You wish an appointment in the guards. You shall have it to-morrow, and, if Athenais pleases you still, you shall soon be my nephew."

"Oh, madame, how kind you are!"

"But you must speak!"

"No, madame, never!"

"I was told that you loved my niece!"

"And I do, as much as a man can love; but, if ever my love is to be offered for her acceptance, my honor must be sustained also."

"You are very obstinate, chevalier. Is this your final decision?"

"It is my first, last, and only reply."

"You refuse to enter the guards? You refuse the hand of my niece?"

"Yes, madame, if this must be their price."

Madame d'Estrades looked at the young man with a piercing glance, which was also full of curiosity; but, seeing no sign of hesitation in his face, she went away slowly, and was soon lost in the crowd.

The chevalier, unable to understand all this, seated himself in a corner, to think over his singular adventure.

"What does this woman mean?" he asked himself. "She must be insane! she would change the ministry by means of a foolish calumny, and, that I may earn the hand of her niece, proposes to dishonor me! But Athenais would never accept me on such terms, or, if she would, I should despise her and would refuse her. What, try to defame this kind marchioness, to blacken, to ruin her! Never! never!"

Absorbed in his thoughts, the chevalier had forgotten where he was, when a little delicate hand touched him on the shoulder. He looked up and saw the same two masks who had stopped him a little while before.

"Will you not aid us a little?" asked one of them in a disguised voice. But, although the costumes were exactly alike, the chevalier was not deceived. It was not the same mask with whom he had been talking.

"What is your answer, sir?"

"No, madame."

"Will you not write a few words?"

"Never, madame."

"How obstinate you are! Good-night, lieutenant!"

"What did you say, madame?"

"Here is your commission and your marriage contract!" and she threw him her fan.

It was the same which the young man had twice picked up. Little Cupids were sporting on the silk in the midst of gilt and mother of pearl. There could be no mistake. It was Madame de Pompadour's fan.

"Heavens, marchioness, is it possible?"

"Very possible," said she, lifting her little black mask.

"I do not know what reply to make, madame."

"It is not necessary to say any thing. You are a fine young fellow, and we shall see each other often, for you will live at court. The king has put you into his own corps. Remember that, for a courtier, there is no more eloquent advocate than discreet silence sometimes."

"And pardon me," added her companion, "if, before giving you my niece, I wished to see of what stuff you were made," and smiling, as they bade him good-night, the pair vanished.

LUNCHEON IN A DIVING-BELL; WHAT WE GOT, AND HOW WE TOOK IT.

By CHARLES PONTEZ.

A FEW months since, the newspapers reported how two poor fellows had lost their lives descending into the water in a diving-bell, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The cause of their deaths was singular, and probably, in their position, unprecedented; they were neither drowned nor suffocated from the lack of fresh air, but were poisoned by mephitic gas—sulphuretted hydrogen. The diving-bell used on this occasion was as primitive as that designed by Phips, who made his fortune by recovering the treasure from a sunken Spanish vessel, and

founded the family of the Earl of Mulgrave. The bell was simply an oblong box of cast iron, open at its lower end, across which were stretched two chains upon which the men were enabled to stand while within the bell; it was lowered and raised by tackle, a flexible tube screwed into the top serving to supply air. A retaining wall of masonry had been constructed along the water-line in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, near Wallabout Bay, where a large sewer debouches. A number of stones had fallen into the water, which it was necessary to remove; and, in raising a large one embedded in the soil brought down by the sewer, a volume of noxious gas was disengaged, which instantly filled the bell. One man fell into the water, as if shot; the other had sufficient time to pull the signal to be hauled up, when he fell insensible across the chains, and was thus brought to the surface. The poison had mingled with his blood, and he died in a few days.

Another submarine accident fatal to life occurred a few years since, resulting in a series of terrible experiences, and nearly becoming a great catastrophe.

On this occasion, the bell, or rather, the submarine vessel, was a great improvement on the preceding, as it was quite capacious, and could be made to descend and ascend to the surface of the water by an arrangement within itself, unaided by hoisting-gear or extraneous appliances. The vessel was connected by a flexible tube with a large receiver, containing condensed air, which floated on the surface. A series of cells, or balance-chambers, between the outer and inner cases, gave buoyancy, or gravity, to the vessel, according as the air-cells were wholly or partly filled with water; while the equilibrium could be adjusted so nicely, that one man standing on the bottom might push the vast mass in any desired direction.

A wharf which had been constructed in the North River one night, shortly after its completion, disappeared as totally as Aladdin's palace. The mass of wood and stone had slid into water sixty feet deep, and sunk into the mud. A party of gentlemen proposed to explore for the lost wharf, in order to test the qualities of the new submarine vessel, intending to lunch on chicken-salad, and experience the exhilarating effects of champagne, imbibed under the inspiration of a double supply of oxygen of the condensed atmosphere. There entered the vessel a very merry party of ten, confidently anticipating neither danger nor trouble, as the vessel had often descended before, and the arrangements had worked most satisfactorily. When all were ready, it was discovered that the engineer was absent who always operated the arrangement of pipes and valves by which the gradual descent and ascent were managed. However, a person who professed to know all the details of the construction unhesitatingly volunteered to take charge.

In going down to a considerable depth, it is necessary to descend very slowly, in order that the human system may gradually accommodate itself to the dense atmosphere, and also to give the pumps enough time to charge the bell with air, so as to condense it sufficiently to resist the gradually-increasing press of water. In this instance, the latter operation was anticipated, as the reservoir of compressed air before alluded to had been already provided.

The circular entrance on the top was screwed down. Before commencing the descent, the champagne and lunch were produced, and the participants were just beginning to enjoy the viands, when their incipient joviality was suddenly squelched by an alarming occurrence. The man in charge, with a perfect confidence in his skill, suddenly opened to their fullest extent the cocks which confined the air within the balance-chambers. Instantly, the water rushed in, filling the spaces and increasing the specific gravity of the vessel so greatly that it descended with the celerity of a solid body. Down went the astonished inmates sixty feet, striking on the mud with a heavy thud. The sudden transition from the pressure of one atmosphere to that of three, or to forty-five pounds on every square inch of the body, acted on the system with tremendous force. The effect

on the ears may be compared to the intense deafening caused by standing over a heavy gun suddenly and unexpectedly fired. The air, seeking its equilibrium in the body, forces the blood to the brain; the blood-vessels pulsate and throb; the eyes protrude from their sockets; objects become enlarged; and one conceives the idea that he is growing into gigantic proportions, that he is swelling up and will burst. There is a ravenous thirst, probably owing to the paralysis of the tongue and glottis. Bewildered by these sensations, half blinded by tears and blood which welled out from eyes, nose, and ears, the ordeal became in its intensity an agony and bloody sweat. The sufferers were affrighted at each other's visages. These intense sensations, however, gradually subsided, and the company slowly began to recover from their confusion and gather their scattered senses.

Then succeeded a feeling of suffocation which slowly increased and became intensified. No words were spoken.

Gradually, the light flickered out, all was dark. The agonized prisoners could hear the spasmodic gasps for breath, and they clung and grappled with each other as drowning men. In their frenzy they imagined they could find relief in drawing the contaminated breath from each other's lips. Some were totally, others half, unconscious, the first to succumb being the man whose ignorant presumption had placed them in this horrible strait. In the confusion caused by the rapid descent, thinking he was bound to do something, he turned off the tap that permitted the supply of fresh air.

All the party except two were entirely unacquainted with the working arrangements, and these two, as professional men, possessed only a general knowledge. The lives of all would not have been worth five minutes' purchase, only that, suddenly, the cause of their distress and danger flashed on the mind of one of them. With senses fast failing, the almost-paralyzed hand sought the cock above, and, fortunately, grasped the right one. Turning it, the life-restoring stream of air flowed in on the almost moribund unfortunates. By degrees most of the party recovered their senses. After the lamp was relit, they anxiously looked for the means of ascending to the surface, but their troubles were not yet over.

With a vivid recollection of their sudden descent, they proceeded most carefully to guard against a violent flight to the surface. A small quantity of water was at first ejected from the balance-chambers by the aid of the condensed atmosphere; then gradually more, and still more. No movement of the vessel followed. The rush of air and the bubbling of the water, as it was forced out, could be heard. Tapping the iron, they could measure how much had been displaced.

They now became alarmed; all the water was forced out, the cells were empty, and the vessel should naturally float on the surface, half out of the water.

To their consternation they discovered they were fast as an embedded rock, they knew not how deep, by their violent descent in the viscid mass of black mud which firmly clutched the vessel. There was no way of communicating with those at the surface, and no connection but the tube which supplied the air. Then questions were put: How many hours shall we stay here before those above will become alarmed for our safety? Will they not think we are carrying out the programme, feasting on chicken-salad, and making merry on champagne? When convinced that something is wrong, how can they reach us to hoist us out? How long before they can bring sufficient power to do it? How can they grapple for us, buried in mud in sixty feet of water? After some hours, may they not, supposing us dead, stop the supply of air? With many misgivings, they lifted the circular plate in the floor of the vessel, and its weight then gradually caused to protrude into the interior a black mass of fetid mud, assuming by pressure the form and consistence of a gigantic cheese, such as might be produced in the devil's dairy, and sent up from the infernal regions beneath. They were sensible that the machine, from this cause, had sunk

somewhat deeper. How long before it would fill the interior, and all be enveloped in the loathsome mass? From within, what they now believed would be their living tomb, through the glass bull's-eyes in the top of the vessel, they could see the water changed in color, from a light green to a dark indigo blue, as the rays of light faintly struggled to the depths. Would they ever again see the blessed sunlight? Those of the number who still retained their faculties were fast abandoning themselves to the most gloomy forebodings, when a happy expedient was tried, which resulted in their liberation. One of the imprisoned, who had been in the navy, remembered that, when a boat was held in the mud, and would not float with the incoming tide, to free her from the suction of the mud, she was swayed from side to side. It was proposed, in like manner, to try to sway their prison. With an energy backed by despair, those who were capable set to work. For a long time no result followed; still they persevered. From side to side they rushed, battering themselves against the iron sides. Now a slight vibration follows their efforts; it becomes more perceptible; but the mud clings tenaciously as the polypus of Victor Hugo, unwilling to give up its prey. The oscillation increases. The water gurgles over that portion of the surface from which mud has been shaken loose; every instant she becomes more buoyant. Hurrah! she is free; and, before they have time to say the words, they are shooting upward as if from a catapult. If they went down like the stick, they, consistently, went up like the rocket; the empty balance-chambers and the expansive power of the condensed air increasing, as it got nearer the surface, impelled the vessel upward, in the same manner as the ignited combustible impels the rocket. The vessel reached the surface amid a mountain of foam, with an impetus which sent it, with its distracted inmates, nearly out of the water. Owing to the unballasted condition of the vessel, as she fell back into the water, they were in imminent danger of being upset; but this, the greatest danger of all, they luckily escaped.

The sudden transition from a dense to the ordinary atmosphere caused the same unpleasant sensation they endured in their descent, but, knowing they were now at the surface, the freedom from fear mitigated their suffering. The circular plate that covered the entrance to the vessel was unscrewed, and such of the party as could move made their exit with confused brains, throbbing temples, deafened ears, and flushed faces. Some were taken out insensible, others in a half-comatose state. All happily recovered after a short time, except the poor rash fellow who undertook to manage the descent. From the time he became unconscious, he never recovered, and probably died as much from fright as impure air.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;* OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

IX.

EXTRAVAGANCES THAT TASTELESS FOLKS CALL POETRY.

Ursus's plays were interludes, a style somewhat out of vogue in these days. One of these pieces, which has not come down to us, was entitled *Ursus Rursus*. It is probable that he himself played the principal part in it. A wrong exit, followed by a reentrance, was probably its subject—a sober and praiseworthy one.

The title of Ursus's interludes was sometimes in Latin, as you perceive, and the verse sometimes in Spanish. The Spanish verses of Ursus were rhymed, like nearly all the Castilian sonnets of that period.* That did not trouble the people.

Spanish was then a common tongue; and the English seamen spoke Castilian, just as the Roman soldiers spoke Carthaginian. Refer to Plautus. Besides, at the theatre, as at mass, the Latin or any other tongue, not understood by the audience, did not embarrass any one. They got out of any difficulty, by accompanying it gayly with well-known words. Our old Gallic France had this peculiar mode of being devout. At church, the faithful chanted *Liesse prendrai*, to an *Immolatus*; and *Baise-moi, ma mie*, to a *Sanctus*. A council of Trent was required to put a stop to these familiarities.

Ursus had composed one interlude for Gwynplaine, with which he was content. It was his masterpiece. He had laid himself thoroughly out in it. To gain his sum total in his product is the triumph of whoever creates. The female toad, conceiving a toad, makes a masterpiece. You doubt it? Try to do as much!

Ursus had licked this interlude over and over. The bear's whelp was entitled *Chaos Conquered*.

This is what it was:

An effect of night. At the moment when the blind was removed, the crowd, massed before the Green-Box, saw nothing but blackness. In this blackness, three confused forms were moving on the floor like reptiles—a wolf, a bear, and a man. The wolf was the wolf; Ursus was the bear; the man was Gwynplaine. The wolf and the bear represented the fierce forces of Nature—unconscious hunger, savage obscurity—and both threw themselves upon Gwynplaine; this was chaos combating with man. None of their faces could be distinguished. Gwynplaine did his fighting, covered with a sheet; and his face was hidden by his thick falling hair. Besides, all was in darkness. The bear growled; the wolf gnashed his teeth; the man shrieked. The man was underneath; the two beasts bore hard upon him. He shouted for help and relief; profound was his appeal to the unknown. He rattled in his throat. They were witnessing that agony of man in the rough, which is scarcely distinct from that of brutes. It was doleful; the crowd looked on, panting. A minute more, and the beasts would triumph; and chaos was about to reabsorb man. Struggles, cries, howls; and then, all at once, silence. A song in the shade; a breath had passed; they heard a voice. Mysterious music was floating round, accompanying this song of the invisible; and suddenly, one knew not how or whence, a whiteness grew up before them. This whiteness was light; this light was woman; this woman was mind. Dea, calm, pure, lovely, intimidating in her serenity and sweetness, appeared in the midst of a halo. Faint suggestion of brilliancy, at the dawn of day. The voice—it was she. Voice light-toned, but deep, ineffable. The invisible made apparent, in this day-dawn she was singing. You thought you heard an angel's song, or the hymn of a bird. At this apparition, the man, raising himself up with a start of dazzled wonderment, let fall his two closed fists upon the two brutes overpowered.

Then the vision, borne forward by a gliding movement difficult to make out, and for that reason all the more admired, sang these verses in Spanish sufficiently pure for the English sailors who were the listeners:

Ora! Lloro!
De palabra
Nace razon
Da luz el son.*

Then she let her eyes fall below her, as though she might have been looking into a gulf, and continued:

Noche quitate de allí!
El alba canta hallelu†

By degrees as she sang, the man raised himself more and more, and, from a recumbent posture, was now kneeling, his hands lifted toward the vision, and his two knees set upon the

* Estimated, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

* Pray! Weep! Reason is born of the word. Song creates light.
† Night! Go away! The dawn is singing the death-whoop.

two beasts, who were motionless and as it were thunderstricken. Turned toward him, she went on:

Es menester á cielos ir,
Y tu que llorabas reír.*

And approaching with starry majesty, she added:

Quiebra barzon.
Deja Dextra, monstruo,
A tu negro
Caparazon.†

And she placed her hand upon his brow.

Then another voice was lifted up, deeper, and consequently sweeter still, a voice, broken-hearted and ecstatic, of a gravity tender and wild; and this was the human chant, in response to the chant from the stars. Gwynplaine all the while kneeling in the darkness upon the vanquished bear and wolf, with his head under Dea's hand, then sang:

O ven! ama!
Eres alma,
Soy carazon.‡

And suddenly, in the darkness, a jet of light struck Gwynplaine full in the face.

The full-blown monster was made visible in the obscurity.

It would be impossible to describe the commotion in the crowd. A sun of laughter bursting out—such was the effect. Laughter is born of the unexpected; and nothing could be more unexpected than this winding-up. No shock comparable to this buffet of light upon this buffoonish and terrible mask. There was laughing round about this laughter; everywhere, above, below, in front, at the back; men, women, old bald-heads, rosy faces of children, the good, the bad. Gay folks, sad folks, all the world, and even passers-by in the street, those who saw not, hearing the laugh, laughed. And the laugh ended in clappings of hands and in stampings of feet. The blind let down, Gwynplaine was tumultuously recalled. Thence an enormous success. Have you seen *Chaos Conquered*? There was running after Gwynplaine. Carelessness came to laugh, melancholy came to laugh, evil consciences came to laugh. So irresistible was the laugh, that at moments it seemed as though it might be unwholesome. But if there be, one pest that man shuns not, it is the contagion of mirth. For the rest, the success did not reach beyond the populace. A large crowd is a small audience. *Chaos Conquered* was seen for a penny. The fashionable world goes not where it can go for a penny.

Ursus did not think meanly of this work, which he had been a long time hatching.

—It is in the style of a fellow named Shakespeare, said he modestly.

Dea's contiguity heightened the inexpressible effect of Gwynplaine. This blanched figure, by the side of this gnome, was a symbol of superhuman astonishment. The people regarded Dea with an approach to mysterious apprehension. Hers was a something supreme and indescribable, made up of the virgin and the priestess, ignorant of man and familiar with the Deity. One saw that she was blind, and yet one felt that she was seeing. She seemed to stand upon the threshold of the supernatural. She appeared to be half within our own range of light, and half in the brightness of another sphere. She came to do her work upon earth, and to work as Heaven works with the dawn. She found a hydra, and made a soul. She had the air of a creative faculty, content yet astounded with her creation. You imagined upon her visage, adorably terrified, the will to act, and surprise at the result. You felt that she was in love with her monster. Did she recognize his monstrosity? Yes, because she came in contact with him. No, because she accepted him. All this night, all this day, intermingled, resolved itself in the spectator's mind into a dim medium, peopled with infinite vistas. How divinity cleaves to the rough draft, in

what guise the penetration of soul into matter is accomplished, how the solar ray constitutes an umbilical cord, how the disfigured is transfigured, how the shapeless becomes paradisiacal—glimpses of all these mysteries complicated, with an emotion almost comic, the convulsion of hilarity excited by Gwynplaine. Without going to the root of it, for the spectator likes not the trouble of deep probing, one comprehended something beyond what was seen; and this strange spectacle had in it the translucency of Avatar.

As for Dea, what she experienced transcends human words. She felt that she was in the midst of a crowd, and knew not what a crowd was. She heard a noise, and that was all. For her, a crowd was a breath; in reality, it is nothing more. Generations are puffs of breath, that pass away. Man respires, aspires, and expires. In this crowd Dea felt herself to be alone, and shivered as one might if suspended over a precipice. All at once, in this trouble of the innocent in distress, who is ready to accuse the unknown, in this misgiving as to a possible fall, Dea—serene, nevertheless, and superior to the vague anguish of peril, though internally quivering at her isolation—found again her certitude and her support. She seized again her guiding clew in the labyrinth of darkness. She laid her hand upon the potent head of Gwynplaine. Joy unheard of! She leaned her rosy fingers upon this forest of crispy hair. The touch of wool awakens an idea of something soft. Dea was touching a sheep, whom she knew to be a lion. All her heart grounded itself upon an ineffable love. She felt herself to be out of danger; she had found her saving genius. The public fancied that it saw the reverse. For the spectators, the being saved was Gwynplaine, and the being who saved was Dea.—What matter? thought Ursus, to whom Dea's heart was revealed.—And Dea—reassured, consoled, enchanted—worshipped the angel; while the people stared at the monster, and, themselves also fascinated, though in the inverse sense, kept up this immense Promethean laughter.

True love is not palled. Being all soul, it cannot become lukewarm. Embers may be put out with ashes; a star cannot be. These delicious impressions were renewed every evening for Dea; and she was ready to weep for very tenderness, while the rest were writhing in laughter. Around her they were given up to mirth; she—she was happy.

For the rest, this hilarious effect, due to Gwynplaine's unforeseen and stupendous grimace, was evidently not coveted by Ursus. He would have preferred more smiling and less laughing, and an admiration more literary in character. But triumph consoles. He reconciled himself, evening after evening, to his prodigious success, as he counted how many piles of farthings made up the shillings, and how many piles of shillings made up the pounds. And then he said to himself that, after all, when the laughing was over, *Chaos Conquered* would be found again in the popular heart, and that something of it would remain with them. Perhaps he did not altogether deceive himself; the settling-down of a work is dependent on the public. The truth is, this populace—attentive to this wolf, to this bear, to this man, then to this music, to these howls subdued by harmony, to this night dispelled by the dawn, to this song ushering in the light—accepted with a confused yet deep sympathy, and even with a certain tender respect, the drama-poem of *Chaos Conquered*, the victory of mind over matter, eventuating in human joy.

Such were the people's rude pleasures.

And they sufficed. The people had not the wherewithal for going to the "noble's match" of the gentry, and could not, like the lords and gentlemen, bet their thousand guineas on Helmsgall against Phelim-ghé-Madone.

X.

AN OUTSIDER'S SURVEY OF MEN AND THINGS.

MAN has one thought—to avenge himself for pleasure conferred upon him. Thence the contempt for actors.

* Thou must go to heaven and laugh, thou who wert weeping.

† Break the yoke! Leave, monster, thy black callipash!

‡ Oh, come, Love! Thou art soul; I am heart.

This being charms me, diverts me, distracts me, teaches me, enchants me, consoles me, distils for me the ideal, is agreeable and useful to me—what harm can I do him in return? Humiliation. Disdain is the slap-in-the-face from a distance. Let's slap his face! He pleases me; therefore he is vile. He serves me; therefore I detest him.—Where is there a stone that I can throw at him? Priest, give me yours! Philosopher, give me yours! Bossuet, excommunicate him! Rousseau, insult him! Orator, spit at him the pebbles from your mouth! Bear, heave at him your paving-stone! Let's throw stones at the tree, bruise the fruit, and eat it! Bravo! and down with him! Repeat poets' words? It's pestiferous! Stage-player! Away! Let's put him in the pillory in the midst of his success!—Let's wind up his triumph with a hoot! Let him gather a crowd, and create a solitude! Thus it is that the rich classes, called the high classes, have invented for the actor that form of isolation—applause.

The populace is less ferocious. It did not detest Gwynplaine. Neither did it despise him. Only, the lowest caulker, of the lowest crew, of the lowest carack, moored in the lowest of the English ports, considered himself immeasurably superior to that amuser of the rabble, and held that a caulker is as far above a mountebank, as a lord is above a caulker.

Gwynplaine, then, like all actors, was applauded and isolated. Besides, here below all success is crime, and must be expiated. Whoever has the medal has the reverse.

But, for Gwynplaine, there was no reverse—for the reason that his success was agreeable to him on both sides. He was satisfied with the applause, and content with the isolation. Through the applause, he was rich; through the isolation, he was happy.

To be rich, in these shallows, is to be no longer miserable. It is to have no more holes in one's clothes, no more chill on the hearth, no more void in the stomach. It is to at when one is hungry, and drink when one is athirst. It is to have all that is necessary, including a penny for a poor man. Of this indigent wealth, sufficient to keep him free, Gwynplaine was possessed.

On the side of the soul, he was opulent. Love was his. What could he desire?

He desired nothing.

The removal of his deformity—you might imagine this an offer to be made him! How he would have repelled it! Lay down this mask, and take up again his own visage, becoming once more handsome and charming as he had perhaps been—assuredly, he would not have wished it! And by what means could he have supported Dea? What would have become of the poor and gentle blind one who loved him? Without this grin, that made of him a clown unparalleled, he would have been no more than any other mountebank, a mere equilibrist like the rest, a picker-up of farthings in the pavement crevices; and Dea perhaps would not have been sure of her every-day's bread. With profound and tender pride, he felt that he was the protector of this celestial weakness. Night, solitude, nakedness, impotence, ignorance, hunger, and thirst—the seven yawning mouths of misery—were threatening around her, and he was the St. George to fight this dragon. And he triumphed over the misery. How?—by his deformity! Through his deformity, he was useful, helpful, victorious, great. He had only to show himself, and money came. He was the master of crowds; he proclaimed himself the sovereign of the populace. He could do every thing for Dea. He provided for her wants. Within the limited range of wishes possible to the blind, he satisfied her desires, her cravings, her fantasies. Gwynplaine and Dea, as we have already shown, were a providence, one for the other. He felt himself borne up on her wings; she felt herself carried in his arms. To protect her who loves you, to confer competency upon her who confers the stars upon you—there is nothing sweeter. Gwynplaine enjoyed this supreme felicity. He owed it to his disfigurement. This disfigurement had made him

superior to every thing. By it, he gained his livelihood and the livelihood of others; by it, he acquired independence, liberty, celebrity, satisfaction within himself, pride. In this disfigurement he was inaccessible. The Fates could do nothing against him, beyond this stroke wherein they had exhausted themselves, and which he had converted into a triumph. This depth of ill had become an Elysian pinnacle. Gwynplaine was imprisoned in his deformity—but with Dea. This was, as we have remarked, to be in a dungeon of Paradise. Between them and the living world there was a wall. So much the better. This wall penned them in, but defended them. What could any one do against Dea, what could any one do against Gwynplaine, so shut out from the life around them? Take away success from him? Impossible; it would have been requisite to take away his face. Take away love from him? Impossible; Dea did not see him. Dea's blindness was divinely incurable. What inconvenience did his disfigurement cause to Gwynplaine? None. What advantages had it? All. He was loved in spite of this horror, and perhaps in consequence of it. Weakness and deformity were, by instinct, drawn together, and coupled. To be loved, is not this every thing? Gwynplaine did not think of his disfigurement, save with gratitude. The brand was for him a blessing. He felt with joy that it was ineradicable and eternal. What luck, that the boon should be remediless! So long as there were open places, fair-grounds, roads whereon to travel at one's will, a people below, and a heaven above, so long he would be sure of a livelihood; Dea would want for nothing; there would be love for them! Gwynplaine would not have changed faces with Apollo. To be monstrous was, for him, a form of bliss.

Thus did we say, at the beginning, that destiny had filled up his measure. This condemned one was in high favor.

He was so happy that he came to commiserate the men around him. He pitied them more than enough. It was furthermore his instinct to look somewhat outside of himself; for no man is all of one piece, nor is Nature an abstraction. He was charmed to be walled in; but, from time to time, he raised his head above the wall. It was only with so much the more delight that he fell back upon his isolation by Dea's side, after having made his comparisons.

What did he see around him? What were these living people, of whom his own roving life showed him all manner of specimens, each day replaced by others? Ever new crowds, and ever the same multitude. Ever new faces, and ever the same adversity. A promiscuousness of ruins. Every evening, all the social fatalities came and grouped themselves around his felicity.

The Green-Box was popular.

A low price appeals to a low class. They who came to him were the feeble, the poor, the little ones. They resorted to Gwynplaine, as one resorts to gin. They came to buy two half-pence worth of forgetfulness. From the elevation of his stage, Gwynplaine passed the unenlightened populace in review. His spirit drank in all these successive apparitions of uttermost wretchedness. The human physiognomy is compounded of conscience and of life, and is the result of many a mysterious delving. Not a pang, not a passion, not a shame, not a despair, whereof Gwynplaine did not witness the furrow. These children's mouths had not eaten food. That man was a father, that woman a mother; and behind them he divined families in perdition. Such a countenance was emerging from vice, and entering upon crime; and he comprehended the wherefore—ignorance and indigence. Such another offered the impress of early goodness, erased by social pressure, and replaced by hate. On this old woman's face he read famine; on that young girl's brow he read prostitution—the same fact, offering in the case of the young one a resource, and all the more mournful therein. In the crowd, there were arms, but no tools; the workmen were willing, but the work was lacking. Occasionally a soldier—it might be a disabled one—came and took his seat beside a

workman; and then Gwynplaine saw the spectre, war. Here Gwynplaine read cessation from labor, there labor with research, there servitude. On certain brows he made out an indescribable ebbing toward animal life, and that gradual return of man to beast, that is brought about, below, by the indefinite pressure of ponderous enjoyment above. In all this gloom, there was for Gwynplaine one relief. He and Dea derived happiness through a borrowed light. All the rest was perdition. Gwynplaine perceived above him the unconscionable prancing of the powerful, the opulent, the magnificent, the great, the elect of chance. Beneath him, he distinguished the pale-faced herd of the disinherited. He saw himself and Dea—with their happiness, limited but immense—placed between two worlds: above, the world that comes and goes, free, joyous, dancing, trampling under foot; above, the world that marches onward; below, the world over which it marches. Fatal fact, indicative of profound social ill, the light eclipses the shade! Gwynplaine verified this sorrow. What! a destiny so like a reptile's! Man dragging himself along thus! Such a clinging to dust and mire, such disgust, such abdication, such abjectness, that one longs to put the foot upon it! Of what butterfly, then, is this terrestrial life the caterpillar? What! in this crowd of the hungry and the ignorant, everywhere, before us, the point of interrogation of crime or of shame! Inflexibility of laws, productive of enervated consciences! Not a child, that grows not up to be humbled! Not a virgin, who grows not taller for the procuress! Not a rose, that buds not for the slime of the snail! His eyes, at times, curious with the curiosity of emotion, sought to pierce to the bottom of that obscurity, wherein so many abortive efforts were agonizing and so many wearinesses were struggling—families devoured by society, morals tortured by laws, sores gangrened by penalties, indigences gnawed by taxation, intelligences gone to wreck in the engulfment of ignorance, rafts in distress covered with the starving, wars, famines, rattlings in the throat, cries, disappearances. He felt himself vaguely seized upon by this poignant and universal anguish. He had a sight of all this spume of misfortune, cast over the sombre human pell-mell. For himself, he was in port, as he looked at the shipwreck all around him. Once in a while, he took his disfigured head between his hands, and mused.

What madness to be happy! How one dreams! Fancies came upon him. Absurd ideas passed across his brain. Because he had once succored a child, it occurred to him that he would like to aid the world. The mists of reverie obscured at times his own identity. He so far lost the sense of proportion, as to say: "What can one do for these poor people?" Sometimes his absorption was such, that he said it aloud. Ursus then shrugged his shoulders, and looked steadily at him; and Gwynplaine went on: "Oh! if I were powerful, how I would help the wretched! But what am I? An atom. What can I do? Nothing."

He was mistaken. He could do much for the wretched. He made them laugh.

And, as we have remarked, to make any one laugh is to make him forget.

What a benefactor on earth is a distributor of forgetfulness!

XI.

GWYNPLAINE HAS JUSTICE ON HIS SIDE; URSUS HAS TRUTH.

A PHILOSOPHER is a spy. Ursus, observant of dreams, studied his pupil. Our monologues are vaguely reflected on our brows, as is distinctly apparent to the physiognomist. This is why what was passing in Gwynplaine did not escape Ursus. One day, when Gwynplaine was meditating, Ursus, pulling him by his hooded cape, exclaimed:

—You have the air of a star-gazer, you simpleton. Take care; this is no concern of yours. You have only one thing to do—to love Dea. You have two good reasons for being happy: The one, that the crowd sees your muzzle; the other,

that Dea doesn't see it. You have no right to this latter good luck. No woman, who could see your mouth, would accept your kiss. And the very mouth that makes your fortune, the face that brings you riches—they are not your own. You were never born with that countenance. You borrowed it from the grin, which lies in the depths of the infinite. You have robbed the devil of his mask. You are hideous; be content with throwing double-fives. There are in this world, which is a pretty well-constructed affair, the happy by right, and the happy by a chance hit. You are happy by the chance hit. You are in a cellar, wherein a star has been caught. The poor star is yours. Don't try to get out of your cellar; and hold on, spider, to your star! You have got the ruby, Venus, in your web. Do me the favor to be satisfied. I perceive that you have unquiet dreams; that's idiotic. Listen; I'm going to talk to you in the language of true poetry. Let Dea eat beef-steaks and mutton-cutlets; in six months she will be as strong as a Turk; marry her right off, and have a child, two children, three children, a long string of children. That's what I call philosophy. Besides, one is happy, which is no nonsense. Having little ones, that's the ticket. Have brats; handle them, wipe their noses, put them to bed, smear up their faces, and wash them off again; let it all be going on at once about you; if they laugh, that's well; if they squall, that's better; to cry is to be alive; look at them, sucking at six months, crawling at twelve, walking at two years, growing tall at fifteen, loving at twenty. Whoever has these delights, has every thing. As for me, I've missed them, which accounts for my being a brute. The good God, whose revelations are poems, and whose prophets were the first men-of-letters, dictated to one of these, Moses: *Multiply!* That is the text. Multiply, animal! As for the world, it is what it is; it has no need of you for going along badly. Don't trouble yourself concerning it. Don't occupy yourself with what's outside. Leave the horizon alone. An actor is made to be looked at, not to be looking. Are you aware of what there is outside?—the happy by right. You, I tell you again, you are of the happy by chance. You are the pickpocket of the happiness, whereof they are the proprietors. They are legitimate; you are an intruder; you live in concubinage with luck. What would you, more than you have? So help me Shibboleth, the dirty fellow is a scoundrel! It's none the less pleasant to multiply one's self through Dea; but such felicity is much like swindling. Those who have the good things down here, by privilege from up yonder, don't approve of others beneath them having so much enjoyment. If they asked you, by what right are you happy?—you wouldn't know how to answer. You have no patent; they have one. Jupiter, Allah, Vishnu, Sabaoth, no matter who, has given them a visa for being happy. Have a fear of them. Don't meddle with them, so that they may not meddle with you. Do you know, wretched one, what a happy one by right is? A terrible being is it; it is the lord. Ah! the lord; there's one who must have intrigued on the devil's unknown ground, before coming into the world, in order to enter life by that door! How hard it must have been for him to be born! This is the only trouble he ever gave himself. But, just Heaven, what a job! to obtain from Destiny, that blind dolt, that she should make you, at the start, from the cradle, the master of men; to corrupt that office-keeper, so that she gives you the best place in the theatre! Read the memento, that is in the hut that I have put on the retired list; read that breviary of my wisdom; there you will see what the lord is. A lord—it is one who has every thing, and is every thing. A lord is one who exists at an elevation above his own proper nature; one who, being young, has the rights of old age; being old, the lucky chances of youth; vicious, the respect of good people; a coward, the command of the stout-hearted; doing nothing, the fruits of labor; ignorant, the diploma of Oxford or Cambridge; silly, the admiration of poets; ugly, the smile of women; Thersites, the helmet of Achilles; a hare, the lion's skin. Don't misunderstand my words. I don't

say that a lord must necessarily be ignorant, cowardly, ugly, silly, and old; I only say that he may be all this, without any harm to him therefrom. On the contrary. The lords are the princes. The King of England is only a lord, the first lord in the lordly estate. This is all; this is much. Kings were formerly called lords: the lord of Denmark, the lord of Ireland, the lord of the Isles. The lord of Norway has only been called king during three hundred years. Lucius, the first-known King of England, was termed by St. Télesphorus *my Lord Lucius*. The lords are peers, that is to say, equals. Of whom? Of the king. I do not commit the blunder of confounding the lords with the Parliament. The popular assembly, which the Saxons, before the Conquest, entitled *Wittenagemot*, was entitled *Parliamentum* by the Normans, after the Conquest. Little by little, the people have been pushed out of doors. The king's writ convoking the commons, had the phrase, *ad consilium impendendum*; to-day they have it, *ad consentiendum*. The commons have the right of consenting. To say "yes" is their privilege. The peers can say "no." And the proof is, that they have said it. The peers can cut off the king's head; the people can't. The axe-stroke of Charles I. is an encroachment—not upon the king, but upon the peers; and the gibbeting of Cromwell's carcass was rightly done. The lords have the power—why?—because they have the wealth. Who is there, that has turned over the leaves of the Doomsday-Book? It is the proof that the lords hold possession of England; it is the register of the subjects' goods and chattels, made up under William the Conqueror; and it is in charge of the chancellor of the exchequer. To copy any thing in it, you pay four half-pence a line. It is a proud record. Do you know that I was once domestic physician in the establishment of a lord who was named Marmaduke, and who had nine hundred thousand French francs for his yearly revenue? Get yourself out of that, you frightful idiot! Do you know that, with nothing but the rabbits of Earl Lindsay's warrens, all the rabble of the Cinque Ports might be fed? Meddle with them, therefore! All is well-ordered there! Every poacher is hung. Just for two long downy ears that peeped out of his pouch, I have seen a father of six children hanging from the gallows. Such is lordship. A lord's rabbit is more than a man of the good God. Lords there are, you scoundrel; and we ought to find it good. And then, if we find it bad, what difference does that make to them?—the people making objections! Plantus himself couldn't come near this, for comic effect. A philosopher would be jesting, if he counselled this poor devil of a multitude to exclaim against the breadth and the weight of the lords. As well make the caterpillar raise issue on the elephant's foot. One day, I saw a hippopotamus tread upon a molehill; he crushed it all in; he was not to blame. He didn't even know—the huge, good-natured mastodon—that there were moles. My dear fellow, among the moles that are crushed, is the human race. Crushing is a law. And do you believe that the mole himself does not crush any thing? He is the mastodon of the flesh-worm, who is the mastodon of the animalcula. But don't let us argue it. Carriages, my boy, exist. The lord is inside; the people are under the wheel; the wise man makes room. Step aside, and let pass. As for me, I like lords, and I keep out of their way. I have lived with one. That's enough for embellishing my recollections. I call to mind his country-seat, as a glory in a nimbus. My dreams are of the past. Nothing more admirable than Marmaduke Lodge, for vastness, symmetrical beauty, rich revenues, adornments, and accessories of the edifice. For the rest, the houses, mansions, and palaces of the lords, constitute a collection of all that is grand and magnificent in this flourishing kingdom. I like our noblemen. I thank them for being opulent, powerful, and prosperous. I, who am clothed in darkness, see with interest and pleasure this specimen of celestial blue, that is termed a lord. You entered Marmaduke Lodge by an extremely spacious court-yard, which formed an oblong divided into eight squares, enclosed with balustrades, that left

on every side a wide, open road-way. There was, in the middle, a superb hexagonal fountain, with two basins, covered with a dome of exquisite workmanship, open at the top, and supported upon six columns. It was there that I was acquainted with a learned Frenchman, the Abbé du Cros, attached to the house of the Jacobins in St. James's Street. One half of the library of Erpenius was at Marmaduke Lodge, the other half being in the Theological Lecture-Room at Cambridge. There did I read books, as I sat under the decorated portal. These things are, for the most part, only seen by a small number of curious travellers. Are you aware, you absurd boy, that the Honorable William North, who is Lord Gray of Rolleston, and who sits fourteenth upon the barons' bench, has more tall forest-trees on his hill-side, than you have hairs upon your horrible head-piece? Are you aware that Lord Norris of Ricott, which is the same as the Earl of Abingdon, has a square donjon-keep two hundred feet high, bearing this device, *Virtus arietis fortior*, which has the air of intending to say, *Virtue is stronger than a ram*, but which really means, you booby, *Courage is stronger than a war-machine*? Yes, I honor, accept, respect, and reverence our nobles. It is the lords who, together with the royal majesty, labor to secure and preserve national advantages. Their consummate wisdom shines forth in difficult conjunctures. The precedence over all—I should prefer seeing that they had it not. They have it. That which is called in Germany a prince, and in Spain a grandee, is called a peer in England and in France. As one might have been justified in finding this world sufficiently wretched, God perceived where the shoe pinched it, desired to prove that He knew how to create happy folks, and made lords, to satisfy philosophers. This bit of creation corrects the other bit, and gets the good God out of the scrape. For Him, it is a decent outlet from a false position. The great are great. A peer, in speaking of himself, says *nos*. A peer is plural. The king terms the peers *consanguinei nostri*.

The peers have made a host of wise laws, amongst which is the one that condemns a man to death who cuts down a three-years' old poplar-tree. Such is their supremacy, that they have a language of their own. In the heraldic style, black, which is called "sable" for the mass of the well-born, is termed "satur" for princes, and "diamond" for peers. Diamond-powder, starred night, is the black of the fortunate. And even among themselves they have nice distinctions, these mighty nobles. A baron cannot wash with a viscount, without his permission. Excellent arrangements these, and preservative of nations. How fine it is for a people to have twenty-five dukes, five marquises, seventy-six earls, nine viscounts, and sixty-one barons, which makes one hundred and seventy-six peers, some of whom are his Grace and some his Lordship! After this, what if there be some rags and tatters here and there? All cannot be in gold. Rags, so be it! Is not the purple visible? The one compensates for the other. It must be that something should be constructed out of something. Well; yes, there are the poor—a pretty job! They stifle the happiness of the potent. Why, zounds! our lords are our glory. The pack of hounds of Charles Mohun, Baron Mohun, costs as much of itself as the Moorgate Hospital for lepers, and as Christ's Hospital, founded for children in 1553, by Edward VI. Thomas Osborne, Duke of Leeds, spends for his liveries alone five thousand golden guineas a year. The grandees of Spain have a guardian, appointed by the king, who keeps them from ruining themselves. That's cowardly. Our lords, ours, are extravagant as well as magnificent. I like that. Don't let us rail, as though we were envious. I am grateful for a fair vision that passes. I have not the light itself; but I have its reflection. "Reflected upon my ulcer," you will say. To the devil with you! I am a Job, happy in the contemplation of Trimalcion. Oh! the lovely planet, radiant, up yonder! It is something to have this moonlight. Suppress the lords! That's an idea that Orestes, all madman that he was, would not have dared to

sustain. To say that lords are noxious or useless, this is much the same as saying that states must be unsettled, and that men are not made to live like flocks, browsing on the grass and bitten by the dog! The meadow is sheared by the sheep; the sheep is sheared by the shepherd. What more equitable! For one shearer, a shearer and a half. As for me, it's all the same; I'm a philosopher, and I stick on to life, like a fly. Life is only a temporary lodging. When I think that Henry Bowes Howard, Earl of Berkshire, has in his stables twenty-four gala-carriages, some of which have harness in silver and some in gold! Good heavens! I know well enough that everybody hasn't twenty-four gala-carriages; but it is of no use to inveigh. Because you were cold, one night—lo and behold, there's no one else but you! Others also are cold and hungry. Do you know that, without this cold, Dea would not be blind; and that, if Dea were not blind, she wouldn't love you? Answer that, booby! And then, if all the stragglers were complaining, what a jolly hubbub there would be! Silence—that's the rule. I am convinced that the good God orders the doomed to hold their peace, without which it would be the good God who would be doomed to hear a never-ending cry. The bliss of Olympus is in proportion to the silence of Cocytus. Therefore, hold your tongues, O people! I myself do better; I approve and I admire. Just now I enumerated the lords; but two archbishops and four-and-twenty bishops must be added. In truth, I am quite touched when I think of them. I remember to have seen, at the tithe-gatherer's of the reverend Dean of Raphoe—which dean was a part of the lordship and of the Church—a vast corn-stack of the finest wheat, collected from the peasants round about, and which the dean had not taken the trouble to have threshed. This left him time for praying to God. Do you know that Lord Marinduke, my master, was Lord High Treasurer of Ireland and High Seneschal of the sovereignty of Knaresborough, in the county of York? Do you know that the Lord Chamberlain—which is an appointment hereditary in the family of the Dukes of Ancaster—puts the king's robes on him on the day of the coronation, and receives for his pains forty ells of crimson velvet, besides the bed on which the king has slept; and that the Usher of the Black Rod is his deputy? I should like to see you make a stand against this—that the oldest viscount of England is the Sire Robert Brent, created viscount by Henry V. All the lords' titles indicate a sovereignty over an estate, Earl Rivers excepted, whose title is his family name. How admirable is their right to tax others, and to levy, for instance, as at this present moment, four shillings on the pound sterling of income, which is just continued for a year, and all those fine imposts on distilled spirits, on the excise of wine and beer, on tonnage and poundage, on cider, perry, mum, malt, and prepared barley, and on coal and a hundred other similar articles! Let's reverence what is. The clergy itself is dependent on the lords. The Bishop of Man is the subject of the Earl of Derby. The lords have special wild beasts, that they put into their armorial bearings. As God has not made enough of them, they invent others. They have created the heraldic *sanglier* which is as much above a wild boar, as a boar is above a pig, and a nobleman above a priest. They have created the griffin, which is an eagle among lions and a lion among eagles, and which intimidates the lions by his wings and the eagles by his mane. They have the wyvern, the unicorn, the salamander, the gorgon, the Tarascon crocodile, the dragon, the hippogriff. All this, terrifying for us, is for them decoration and finery. They have a menagerie that is called the blazon, and in which unknown monsters roar. No forest comparable to their pride, for the stupendousness of its prodigies. Their vanity is full of phantoms, stalking about therein as in the sublimity of night, armed, helmeted, cuirassed, spurred, the staff of empire in hand, and saying, with grave voice: "We are the ancestors!" The beetles devour the roots, and the panoplies devour the people. Why not? Are we going to alter the laws? Lordship

forms part of their order. Do you know that there is a duke in Scotland who gallops thirty leagues, without going off his own ground? Do you know that the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury has an income of a million of French francs? Do you know that his Majesty has for his civil list seven hundred thousand pounds sterling a year, without reckoning country-seats, forests, domains, fiefs, tenancies, freeholds, prebends, tithes and rents, confiscations and fines, which exceed a million sterling? They who are not content are hard to please.

—Yes, murmured Gwynplaine, thoughtfully; it is from the hell of the poor that the paradise of the rich is made.

XII.

URSUS THE POET CARRIES AWAY URSUS THE PHILOSOPHER.

THEY Dea came in; he looked at her, and saw her only. Thus is it with love. One may be invaded and beset at a certain moment, by any thoughts whatsoever; in comes the woman whom one loves, and abruptly puts to flight all that is not her own presence, with never a notion that she may, possibly, be effacing a world within us.

Let us make one point here. In *Chaos Conquered*, one word, *monstro*, addressed to Gwynplaine, was offensive to Dea. Sometimes, with the little Spanish that all the world knew then, she took the slight liberty of substituting *quidro*, which signifies, I will have it so. Ursus tolerated, not without some impatience, these changes in the text. He would freely have said to Dea, as in our day Moëssard to Tissot: "You are wanting in respect for the *répertoire*."

"The man who laughs." Such was the form that Gwynplaine's celebrity had taken. His name, Gwynplaine, almost unknown, had disappeared under this nickname, as his face under the laugh. His popularity, like his visage, was a mask.

His name, however, might be read upon a large bill placarded in front of the Green-Box, which gave to the crowd the following compilation, due to Ursus:

"Here may be seen Gwynplaine, abandoned at ten years of age, on the night of the 29th of January, 1690, by the villainous Comprachicos, on the sea-shore at Portland, grown up from a boy, and now called

'THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.'

The existence of these mountebanks was an existence of lepers in a lazar-house, and of the blissful in an Atlantis. It was, day by day, an abrupt change from an alien show of the most blustering sort, to abstraction the most complete. Every evening, they made their exit from this world. It was as though the dead took their departure, under engagement to be born again next day. The actor is a revolving light-house—appearance, then disappearance; and he only lives for the public, as a phantom and a glimmer in this life of rotatory flashes.

To the plot of open ground succeeded monastic seclusion. So soon as the performance was over, while the spectators were disentangling themselves, and while the crowd's hurrah of satisfaction was losing itself in the divergences of the streets, the Green-Box drew up its panel, as a fortress its drawbridge; and communication with the human race was cut off. On one side, the universe; on the other, this booth; and in this booth there were liberty, clear conscience, courage, devotedness, innocence, happiness, love—all the constellations.

Blindness, seeing, and deformity, beloved, were seated at each other's side, hand pressing hand, forehead touching forehead; though delirious, they whispered low.

The middle compartment served two purposes: for the public, a theatre—for the actors, a dining-room.

Ursus, always on the alert for a comparison, profited by this diversity of uses, to liken the central compartment of the Green-Box to the arradash of an Abyssinian hut.

Ursus counted the receipts; then they supped. For love, every thing is idealized; and for lovers to eat and drink together gives rise to all sorts of sweet and furtive comminglings,

that make a mouthful become a kiss. They drink ale or wine out of the same glass, as they might drink dew out of the same lily. Two souls, in a love-feast, have the same grace as two birds. Gwynplaine helped Dea, cut up her morsels, poured out for her what she drank, drew too near her.

— Hum! said Ursus; and he averted his muttering, which ended, in spite of himself, in a smile.

The wolf, under the table, was eating his supper, inattentive to whatever was not bone.

Vinos and Fibi shared the repast, but were rather in the way. These two vagabonds, half-savage and still scared, spoke their own jargon together.

At last Dea reëntered the women's quarters with Fibi and Vinos. Ursus went to chain up Homo under the Green-Box; and Gwynplaine looked after the horses, the lover becoming a groom, as though he had been one of Homer's heroes, or one of Charlemagne's paladins. At midnight, all were asleep, except the wolf, who, under a strong sense of his responsibility, kept one eye open.

The next day at dawn, they met again, and breakfasted together, generally on ham and tea—tea, in England, dates from 1678. Then Dea, according to the Spanish custom, and by advice of Ursus, who thought her delicate, went to sleep again for some hours, while Gwynplaine and Ursus were occupied with all the little details, within and without, that are required in wandering life.

It was seldom that Gwynplaine strolled about outside of the Green-Box, unless on unfrequented roads and in solitary spots. In towns, he only went out at night, hidden by a broad slouched hat, so as not to make his face familiar in the street.

He was only to be seen, with uncovered visage, on the stage.

Furthermore, the Green-Box had not much frequented the towns. Gwynplaine, at twenty-four, had hardly seen one larger than the Cinque Ports. Still, his renown went on increasing. It began to overtop the populace, and it mounted higher up. Among the amateurs of foreign wonders, and the runners after curiosities and prodigies, it was known that an extraordinary mask was in existence somewhere, in a wandering condition of life, now here, now there. He was talked about and searched for, and "Where is he?" was asked concerning him. "The Man Who Laughs" was becoming decidedly famous. A certain lustre was reflected, from him, upon *Chaos Conquered*.

To such extent that, one day, Ursus, ambitious, exclaimed:

— We must go to London.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

IT was just as Miss Evelyn had foreseen. The attaché, or whatever he was whom Alexander found in the anteroom of the British legation, shook his head when Alexander requested an interview with the chief, and said he was afraid it was quite impossible. But the young lawyer being firm, the subordinate begged to know his business, and said he would see what could be done. He took Alexander's card, and after a short absence returned, and said that the minister would see him presently for a few moments.

One of the rules Mr. Alexander observed through the whole of his professional life was, never to transact business with subordinates when the superior powers were accessible, and he always acknowledged himself indebted to Miss Evelyn for the lesson.

No sooner was he in the presence of the bland and courteous gentleman who at that period represented the English Government at the court of Savoy, and had stated in whose behalf he was acting, than he perceived at a glance that the quick ministerial eye recognized the bundle of papers in his hand, and he saw also, through all the ease and politeness of the diplomatist's manner, that he devoutly wished the documents, if not the bearer also, at the bottom of the Mediterranean or the Po.

He was evidently painfully familiar with that bundle, though his horror manifested itself only in the air and attitude of calm resignation with which, folding his hands and throwing himself back in his chair, he prepared for the dreaded and inevitable discussion. Alexander could see also that his youth did not escape the educated eye of the minister; he fancied there was an expression in it as if he thought Mr. Evelyn would have shown more sagacity in choosing an instrument of maturer years.

No sooner, however, did Mr. Eglamour observe that his youthful countryman placed the bulk of the papers aside, and that he obviously meant only to torture him with a select few, than his features grew a little brighter; and when he found that Alexander was not even going to inflict these upon him in detail, but confined himself to a succinct statement of the application founded on them, referring to them only to elucidate and support his case, his manner was altered altogether, and he began not only to listen with attention, but with a lively satisfaction, visible both in his posture and his countenance.

Even before Alexander had said all he had to say, Mr. Eglamour interrupted him with animation, and, smiling, said:

"I will frankly tell you sir, never in all my life did I receive a gentleman on official business more unwillingly than I received you to-day; but I can assure you, with equal truth, that I am as grateful to you now as if you had intentionally done me a most important service."

Alexander blushed and bowed. The minister rose from his chair, advanced cordially toward his visitor, and briskly resumed:

"The fact is, that although Mr. Evelyn has been bringing this matter before me every year, for the last three, I never understood it till now. There is no worthier man in existence, or a man for whom I entertain a sincerer respect, but for the transaction of business,—oh! Probably my alarm at the sight of these papers did not altogether escape your notice. It was well-founded, believe me. I think I see our venerable friend fumbling them over at that table, without regard to chronological order, or order of any kind, insisting on reading every line, important or not, and either without one clear idea of the upshot of his application, or without the power of conveying it; but he would still go on, and go backward and forward, puzzling both me and himself until at last he would gather them all up again, and escape into a burst of eloquent generalities on the cause of the Waldenses and civil and religious liberty all over the world. Really, what I have suffered in this way in the interests of the Vaudois is hardly to be matched by the persecutions of that gallant people themselves. Now, thanks to you, sir, my martyrdom is at an end; I see my way distinctly, and I make no doubt I shall be able to arrange the matter without any further difficulty. Is this your first diplomatic transaction?"

Without waiting for an answer, which indeed the young man's heightened complexion rendered unnecessary, the minister added:

"The oddest thing about Mr. Evelyn is this: though so hopelessly embarrassed and prolix in conversation, on paper he is just the reverse when he writes to me, as he sometimes does on other subjects—by-the-by, his letters are always in a female hand—they are concise and perspicuous; I found it hard to believe that my correspondent is the same person."

A natural solution of the envoy's difficulty immediately occurred to Alexander, who, his business having now been so happily concluded, bundled up his documents almost with as much agitation as Mr. Evelyn, and was making his bow, when the great man took his hand with cordiality, and said he was extremely glad to have made his acquaintance.

"To be frank with you, sir," said Alexander, smiling, "I got a hint to transact this little affair with yourself alone."

"Ha!" cried the minister, laughing, "you were warned against the Chancery. The truth is, Mr. Alexander, I would sometimes willingly give a good deal to keep an affair out of Chancery myself. Are you in the public service?"

Alexander mentioned his profession, and the minister, having requested to have his address in London, shook him again cordially by the hand, and accompanied him to the door of the apartment.

As he was going down-stairs, he heard a bell tinkle, and before he was out of the house the same attaché was at his heels to say that his chief would thank him to step back again for a moment.

"Do you make any stay in Turin?"

"A very short one; I am going into the Valleys."

"Most opportune! It is the very excursion I was about to suggest. You have represented Mr. Evelyn so ably, that perhaps you will be kind enough to be my proxy in a little affair which I find myself unable to attend to in person."

"I could not undertake to represent you, sir," replied Alexander, modestly, "with any thing like the same confidence, if, indeed, without actual presumption."

"You are far better qualified," said the minister, laughing, "for the duty in question than I have been, alas! for some dozen years—*chou fugaces*. I want a representative at a rural wedding—to dance with the bride, make a little speech to her on my part; and, by Jove! Mr. Alexander, I should not wonder if to kiss her will not prove to be one of your duties. I see by your eye you accept my commission. You will really confer a great favor on me, and believe me I should not ask it if I did not feel sure that the wedding festivities, which will give you an opportunity of witnessing the curious hymeneal customs of the country, will help to make a day or two pass agreeably among those simple people."

Alexander returned a graceful and pleasant answer, and went away highly pleased with the minister, and probably not a little with himself.

In the evening his credentials were sent to him at his hotel, with a box containing a present for the bride; and the following evening, as the sun was dropping behind the snowy summits of the Cottian Alps, the enterprising young lawyer jumped out of his calèche at the Bear, in the little town of La Tour.

CHAPTER IX.—DOINGS IN THE VALLEYS.

It was at Torre the ceremony was to come off at which Alexander was to act as proxy for the English minister; he found the whole village in a state of excitement and active preparation for the *fête*. It took a very short time to make a friend of the Evelyns, and the representative of Mr. Eglamour, acquainted with the leading rural notabilities; he was charmed with their simple manners and hospitality, and they were soon charmed with him in turn. As Mr. Eglamour was very popular, his absence was felt at first as a considerable disappointment, but the maidens, at least, soon plucked up their spirits when they saw the handsome young man who had come in his place. As Alexander walked through the little village, conducted by the pastor, to whom he had a letter, many a bright eye peeped at him from behind a shutter, many a virgin, merry and wise, who trimmed the lamp of primitive Christianity in these famous mountains, panted for the dance in which he might possibly fall to her lot as a partner, and marvelled had the Church of England many such comely sons. Alexander amply justified all the interest he excited; his fine person was of that robust build which a hardy peasantry knows best how to appreciate: a more elastic step never trod hill or dale, and his countenance, as if it had been given him to shine on glad occasions, bloomed and flashed with youth, health, intelligence, and gallantry.

No wonder he was complimented on all sides and at every step he took, often in the patois, which spared his modesty the blushes with which he would have heard himself commended, but more frequently still with the silent flattery of which he was probably not entirely unconscious.

How admirably piety and mirth would dwell together in this world, if only miserable men would permit their union! Juno's swans were not better paired, or more naturally harmonious. Of all things that are strange and unnatural, a sour and bleak religion ought to be the strangest, for in truth a dark light, a troubled peace, or a dismal joy, is no greater paradox. No such monster, at least in those days, infested the Protestant villages, and if it had, such a knight as Alexander, armed from top to toe in a panoply of good-humor, would soon have put it to flight. Though not a Scotchman, he knew something of devout austerities; though not a Low Churchman, he had some knowledge of Evangelical spleen; here for the first time he saw godliness and gayety reigning together over a whole community, and of all the evidences that the poor Vaudois were indeed the inheritors of the pure and undefiled apostolic times, this was the one which made the deepest impression upon him.

Not forty Tartuffes, however, with the same power of Mawworm, not the concentrated spirit of Exeter Hall itself, collected in the

month of May, not a hundred wet blankets, or their equivalent, in the mantle of Dean Closs, could have made La Tour a dull place on the present occasion. Old and young were equally bent upon festivity, and there was a vigor about all the arrangements and preliminaries which was after Alexander's own heart. Often has he been heard to say, recalling this passage of his young days, that he never in all his life went through so much hard work, as far as his legs were concerned, in the same space of time, as during the three or four days which he passed with the Vaudois. Prodigious walking to explore the valleys and visit all the spots sacred to the memories of heroes and martyrs; then dancing on the same scale until jocund day stood tip-toe on the top of Monte Viso; much, no doubt, for the honor of his country, but quite as much, perhaps, to prove himself worthy of his friends at Orta and Turin. For the feasting and junketing it required the prowess of Hercules, when he ate Admetus out of house and home.

Fredrika Bremer has, in one of her works, given such a lively account of a Vaudois wedding, that one could almost fancy she had taken it from Alexander's reminiscences. On the eve of the ceremony, the bride gave her parting feast to her young friends, and what a jovial feast it was! What dancing, what laughing, how the joke went round!

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to lie in dimple sleep,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

The bottle went round as freely among the graybeards as if the Galilean miracle had been repeated, and every mountain-rill had been changed into sparkling Asti. The oldest Barbes, as the pastors of the valleys are called, drank and chirped like grasshoppers, and Alexander had double duty to do, now pledging the merry ministers, now treading a measure with every pretty Protestant in her turn, and thrice over with the lusty lass whom to-morrow he was to give away in holy wedlock. What a popular fellow he was before the night was half spent! and perhaps it was not arranged and settled in every corner, wherever two or three were gathered together, among seniors as well as juniors, that he was Miss Evelyn's accepted swain. But serious matters are not settled in so easy a way as they settle them on such occasions, and even graybeards are sometimes a little out when they prophesy.

Wonderful it was that any force was left for the great day itself, which was but a continuation of the preceding revels. It began with the procession to the bride's house, consisting of the bridegroom, a comely farmer of Angrogna, accompanied by his kindred of the same valley, and Alexander in the character of his godfather.

Alexander in his gayest apparel, some articles of which he had taken care to provide at Turin, led the way, and knocked at the door, according to immemorial usage.

It was the part of the maiden's father to affect surprise at the visit, and to demand what his visitors wanted.

"To beg one of your daughters' in wedlock for my fair godson," replied Alexander, with all the gravity he could muster.

Never was an old swain so flattered; he goes in, and soon reappears, leading one of his daughters by the hand.

"Is this the one your godson fancies?"

"This maiden," answers the sponsor, "would be sure to make him happy as the day is long; but, sir, she is not his choice."

On this the sire withdraws with the rejected, looking much cast down at her fate.

Then a second lass is produced.

"Is this the young man's desire?"

"She is charming, too; but it is not she who has won my godson's heart."

Upon which the second retired likewise, but looking more indignant than sad, for such was her cue.

On the present occasion this pleasant litany was four times repeated, for, though the father had only two daughters, he had borrowed a pair of buxom nieces to protract the fun, as the custom exacted, one which, for all we know to the contrary, was observed eighteen hundred years ago, and possibly at the marriage of Cana itself.

At length the master of the house came forth with the true maid.

"Yes, yes, she is the right one; she is the girl for my god-son."

"Good, I give her to you with honor and fair repute. *Que vous la procurez de tort.*"

Then did Alexander receive her plump rosy hand, which he ought forthwith to have placed in the bridegroom's to be devoutly kissed, instead of doing which he audaciously took the first-fruits himself, an innovation in the ceremonial to which neither the bride herself, nor any one on her part, objected.

During this preliminary service, the bride wore her ordinary daily dress, such as she wore hay-making, or picking mulberry-leaves, but presently she came forth from her bower in full nuptial trim, which was the purest white, the gift of the minister, with a garland on her brows of the freshest flowers of the valleys. Her hands were full of bunches of roses to distribute among the young men, and Alexander's was big as a rose-bush.

The ceremony in the church ensued, after which took place the homeward procession back to the bride's abode, stopping at all the *barrières*, as they are called, or at every farm-house on the road, the good-wife appearing at every door, with the air of expecting no such comers, but praying them to step in notwithstanding, when, by the merest accident, the table was found groaning and creaking under all sorts of rural dainties. When Alexander could do no more himself, it rejoiced him to see how fast others disposed of the good things, not only eating and drinking their fill, but stuffing their pockets with fruit and confectionary—a proceeding he ought to have imitated, to be in the fashion of the valleys.

And of this he was not left in ignorance, for feeling some pressure behind him at the last of the hospitable *barrières*, he turned quickly round, and discovered a strikingly handsome boy of eleven or twelve, thrusting a handful of over-ripe peaches and figs into his coat-pocket, his face radiant with archness and glee.

Alexander no less playfully arrested his arm, and asked him his name.

"Henri Arnaud," said the boy.

"Arnaud!" cried Alexander; "what! are you Miss Evelyn's young friend, of Bobbio? If so, I have twenty loves for you from her. But she never told me you were capable of playing me such a prank."

"We play all sorts of pranks at a wedding," said Arnaud, with little of foreign accent; indeed not only his voice, but his features and complexion, were much more English than Italian.

"Are your parents here?" asked Alexander, forgetting what Miss Evelyn had told him on that point.

The boy looked up at him with a sorrowful smile, and the pastor of Torre, who was standing by, answered for him.

"He is an orphan," he said, caressing with his hand the boy's glossy black hair; "if a child can be called an orphan who has God for his father and his mother."

He then informed Alexander that little Arnaud was born in the south of Italy, although his parents were natives of these valleys; they died after their return to them, when their son was very young, and, at their death, he had been bequeathed to the care of the aged minister of Bobbio, his grand-uncle, by whom he had been carefully and lovingly brought up.

"I have got a letter for the pastor of Bobbio," said Alexander; "I am going there to-morrow."

"Oh, are you?" cried Henri. "Then I'll go back with you, and I will show you the famous places, and my goats, and the books Miss Evelyn gave me with her name in them, and the waterfalls—oh, if we only had one good right-down pouring wet day to make them as beautiful as they sometimes are!"

"Perhaps the rain would not be quite so agreeable to Mr. Alexander, with a long walk before him," said the pastor.

"Rain is coming, and over-much of it," said another of the bystanders, shaking his head, and pointing to a mass of dark clouds beginning to gather over the hills; "it may improve the waterfalls, but it won't mend our roads, which are rough enough at the best."

"Oh," cried little Arnaud, grasping Alexander's hand, as if to hold him fast to his engagement, "you won't mind a shower, will you?—it will only be a shower, and, as to the roads, they are a great deal nicer than the stupid smooth ones down in the plain; there is only a stream to be jumped here and there; and I'll show you the great jump Miss Evelyn took one day last summer."

CHAMELEONS AND THEIR WAYS.

TO Alfred Brehm, one of the most distinguished naturalists living, and the pride of Germany in his peculiar walk; we are indebted for the following account of the oddly mysterious family of chameleons, concerning which, so many quaint histories and legends have been written since the earliest days. When Aristotle, deriving the full name from two Greek words, called them "little lions," they were regarded as infinitely more formidable than we find them to be now; and age after age had contributed its fiction, until, when the recent researches of positive science began, the *chameleon* was considered a very remarkable creature indeed. Some of this romantic history has, in our day, been dispelled, but still the little animal is an object of great interest, and Brehm discourses about it with the warmth of an amateur particularly attached to his subject.

Dr. Brehm had received a number of chameleons from Dr. Schweinfurth, the noted African traveller, who is at this moment again sojourning in the depths of that continent with a view to obtaining a scientific classification of the botanical characteristics of the upper White Nile region, as Von Heuglin has done of its animals. "In compliance with my directions," says Dr. Brehm, "the chameleons were sent on as express freight in boxes perforated with air-holes, and provided with perpendicular rods and palm-tree twigs inside, for the little things to perch and play on during the journey."

"For most reptiles this is the only way in which they can be shipped. During their free life, they are often so situated that they have to go fasting for weeks and even for months, and their endurance in this respect is remarkable. Abstinence from food for some weeks usually does them no harm; whereas, if food be put into the boxes with them it is injurious, from the fact that it decays, thereby polluting the atmosphere, and poisoning the animals."

"Our delicate little chameleons were only a couple of weeks in their travelling-prison, but had suffered a good deal, chiefly in consequence of the rude treatment they had undergone at the hands of their first captors. Many dead chameleons lay on the bottom of the boxes and, out of the 'eighty-five good, biting chameleons' which Dr. Schweinfurth shipped, only thirty could *bite* when they arrived. All appeared in the same mourning garb, for, instead of the beautiful grass-green hue from which the clearer or darker longitudinal stripes, blotches, and dots, start out in such pleasing contrast, when in health, their skin exhibited a dull uniform straw color, without any distinct separation of tints or any livelier shading. It was plain to be seen that the animals were worn out with fatigue and exhausted with hunger and thirst."

"The first thing in order, therefore, was to procure them all the enjoyments that the earthly existence of a chameleon requires. The cases we had prepared for them were adorned with green branches; honey was brought to entice the flies near them; weevils were collected to furnish forth a luxurious repast, and the Oriental strangers were, one after the other, carefully deposited in their new homes."

"The result did not equal our expectations. There was something amiss—that was clear! It is true that a dozen or two of eyes glanced at this fly or that grub, but the sharp arrow they carried in their mouths—that lightning tongue of theirs—which, I well knew they could dart out so unerringly, remained quiet in its sheath. Suppose that we were to moisten the parched and crumpled skin of our new guests with water, would that restore their vigor and activity? Let us try it! A hose was turned in the required direction and the stop-cock opened, so that an artificial shower gently fell on the exhausted chameleons. What a transformation! The first shower after a long drought; the first cupful of water to the wayfarer dying of thirst is not more magical in its effect! Every drop that fell upon their dry, leathery-looking skin gave it fresh life."

"But the little fellows not only enjoyed this bath on the surface of their bodies; they eagerly extended their long tongues and licked up the falling drops; and as more and more collected on the leaves, they pressed their parched lips to the latter and regularly sucked the moisture with hearty good-will, taking a fresh leaf as fast as one was drained."

"At length, all were refreshed, and had drunk their fill, and now the crawling grubs and buzzing flies greedily swarming around the honey, began to excite their interest. Their bodies, which had been as dry

as withered leaves, were now rounded off; their withered legs had caught up fresh strength and activity; their dead, dull eyes were once more quick and bright, and intelligence and energy again began to work in those tiny brains. Up and down the twigs they clambered, squabbling with each other for the best place, with ludicrous snappings and grimaces, turning their long flexible tails around each other when room was lacking, and spying out every hole and corner above and around with their curious eyes, that work completely independent of each other. Dozens of these eyes would be riveted intently upon one and the same prey, and the fly that had escaped the marksmanship of one of their tongues, was sure to fall to the second, the third, the tenth, or some of them, before it could get away. Whole plates of grubs were emptied in a twinkling, and the renewed repast was disposed of before we, willing waiters as we were, could manage to keep up the supply.

"Next day the same scene was renewed. The contents of a large

near Alexandria, but never in the wastes on both sides of the valley of the Nile, although the vegetation is nearly the same in these regions, and a sort of thyme, which is their favorite plant, grows in one place as well as in the other. But it is not upon certain kinds of plants that they depend; they must seek regions where it either rains sometimes, or so heavy a dew falls every night that their tongues can be moistened and refreshed, at least once in twenty-four hours.

"Where they can live, they are by no means few in number, but are not so easily detected as some may think. Their color harmonizes so perfectly with the green of the branch to which they cling, that it is their best protection, and, narrow as their intelligence is, it goes far enough to teach them that this protection is greatly aided by their remaining absolutely motionless. 'A chameleon seen is a chameleon lost,' for the little reptile has no weapon with which to defend himself against hostile attacks. He does indeed open his mouth very wide at the individual who approaches him, and by whom he perceives



Chameleons.

scoop brought in by a gardener, and completely filled with cabbage-worms, were buried in their hungry stomachs within twenty-four hours. A pound of grubs lasted scarcely a week, although the utmost possible economy was used with this very expensive kind of food, and every effort was made to entice flies to the neighborhood instead. At last, however, my little wards, insatiable as they seemed when they arrived, began to be satisfied, and commenced a more regular and circumspect life.

"The observation that even chameleons are tormented with thirst, and that, while they do not forget their food, they defer eating until the other want is satisfied, completely clears up, to my mind, a question that had always puzzled me before, viz., the inexplicable peculiarity of the range of territory occupied by these animals. Previously, I had not been able to comprehend why they are found only on the southernmost coasts of Europe, in the south of Andalusia, and on the coasts of Africa, and hence are frequently seen in the desert

that he is discovered; looks very ugly, and even tries to bite; but what is all that against a hungry bird of prey, an enterprising raven, hornbill, or stork? If the weak teeth of the creature cannot wound the delicate skin of a man, how could they make any impression on such enemies as these?

"Unmolested, the chameleon acts, when at liberty, very much as it does when a prisoner. It moves very little, and, indeed, not at all, excepting by necessity. Clinging securely to one or more twigs by means of its claw-like feet and prehensile tail, it awaits its prey with a patience and perseverance, as well as a mute immobility, that might well be imitated by holiday sportsmen and fishing amateurs. It remains petrified in the same spot for hours together, as though it were of iron cast in a mould; but its large eyes, which are covered in to the dimensions of a very small gleaming speck with hard lids, are incessantly turning in all directions to catch a glimpse of any passing prey. One of these eyes looks forward and downward, the other up-

ward and backward; this one revolves to the right, and that one to left; now both are scrutinizing one and the same field of vision, and then, in the next moment again, each is doing its own work independently of the other. A small grasshopper goes whirring by, or a fly buzzes in the neighborhood, and alights on some adjacent leaf or twig. One rolling eye notes the fact, and the brain informs the other of it; then, in a twinkling, both are riveted on the same object. It is near enough, only five inches from the end of the chameleon's snout, but were it as much as six or seven inches distant, the tongue-arrow of this superlatively-skilful marksman would reach it. Now he opens his mouth slowly and carefully, just far enough to let the extremity of his thick, cylindrical tongue be seen, and out leaps the wonderful mechanism with almost unerring certainty, and, literally, as swift as an arrow, and the next moment the captured booty is in his mouth. If the post he has chosen turns out to be a fruitful one, the animal does not move from it a hair's breadth; but if it has recently yielded him little or nothing, he will even undertake the pursuit of game. He will do this, in any case, when a caterpillar, a young beetle, or some such insect, is in view, for he knows that these, unlike flies, grasshoppers, and butterflies, instead of moving about at random, have a regular, steady, settled course, from which they never deviate, and that they must be followed in the same manner. And now it is that our predatory marksman displays the most surprising agility and suppleness, and all the tricks of climbing, and all the capacities of his separate limbs, come into play. Not only are his clawed feet called into service, but his flexible tail must, also, do good work. Not unfrequently the chameleon hangs dangling by the latter, and tries to straighten and stretch himself out as much as he can, so as to gain a point or two more in space if possible.

"The sight of a hunt like this is truly amusing, when it is undertaken in pursuit of casual game, at a time when the chameleon has been on short allowance. A slow, creeping caterpillar is easily captured, but a restless fly is another affair altogether. There it sits, coolly sunning itself, and making its toilet with one of its forelegs, just out of reach, on some leaf or twig, without any movement or sign to indicate that it is going to change its position. For a long time the watchful eye of the destroyer is fixed upon it, as though he could not forego the hope that his prey will fall into his power without any special exertion on his part, but the fly does not move from the spot, and, perhaps, would stay there long enough to be captured, if the attempt were made. Carefully the hunter puts one foot before the other, and now he steals along, noiselessly, inch by inch, his gaze still sharply turned upon the aim in view; his jaws are just beginning to gape—when off goes the fly with a buzz of derision, and the chameleon crouches there, open-mouthed, staring after it. Another depredator would probably give up the idea of any dispute; but our chameleon has not only perseverance, but a boundless patience that nothing can tire out. He will therefore, undismayed, go after the very same prey, however disheartening and wearisome he may probably find it, after having got sight of it, and crept near it again, to be once more foiled, and left his trouble for his pains.

"Reptiles, as a rule, live harmoniously together, and this peculiarity arises naturally from the limited intelligence of this class of animals. But, when several chameleons are kept together in one place, there is quite enough discord and quarrelling. The possession of a comfortable place within easy shooting distance of the feed-box may suffice to awaken the envy of some less fortunate captive, and lead to threatening demonstrations, and, at last, to direct attacks; but the affair becomes much more serious when the feeling that we call *love* intervenes. During the pairing season the males and possibly the females, also, bite quite furiously, without, however, doing each other any considerable harm.

"Upon the occasion of such conflicts, as, indeed, at any time when they are excited, the changing colors concerning which so much has been said and written are best seen on these strange animals, because they then succeed each other most rapidly. Generally, a false impression is entertained of this phenomenon, since people think that it takes place without any direct or special cause. Such is not the case. These variations of hue arise unmistakably from nervous excitement, whether the latter be the result of external causes or internal agitation. With regard to the hues and marks on a chameleon in good health and condition, one can say, in general, no more than that the green background of its surface is ornamented with clearer or darker longitudinal stripes and irregular spots of very different shadings, and

that these are seen sometimes brighter and sometimes duller in hue. The entire surface occasionally passes gradually into a dark gray, appearing thus when the animal is asleep or mentally inactive, and then assuming a livelier look, and, at last, exhibiting the most variegated tints when the creature is again aroused and excited. The grayish yellow, or leathery color, that I noticed in the chameleons when they arrived in their exhausted condition, always indicates ill-humor or sickness; whereas very light colors, on the other hand, betoken the highest excitement—that which accompanies pairing-time, for instance. Light and obscurity, warmth and cold, exert a decided influence over these variations, because they awaken the pleasure or displeasure of the animal. However, the color does not change in the same way in every individual, so that we cannot lay down any rule in reference to it. A light-colored stripe running from the chin along the belly, and the inner surface of the legs, retains its hue under all circumstances.

"It is very difficult to keep chameleons during the rigors of a northern climate. Apart from the necessity of securing for them the first condition of their health—to wit, an equable warm temperature—there is the interesting care of providing them with a sufficiency of suitable food. Grubs are and always will be only a make-shift; the real hankering of the chameleon is for insects on the wing, and among these they prefer flies of all kinds.

"The commencement of the autumn days is the beginning of the chameleon's ill-humor and discomfort. He ceases to take food, shrinks in bulk, and visibly declines.

"Chameleons may be kept to best advantage in hot-houses, the equable moist temperature of which helps them to live through a long period of fasting. On the other hand, it is almost impossible to keep them over winter in an ordinary room."

ON THE INVOLUNTARY MOVEMENTS OF ANIMALS.

By PROF. FOSTER, OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

III.

BEATINGS OF THE HEART.

AT the last lecture we were occupied with the discussion of certain involuntary movements of animals, brought about by the agency of material not strictly muscular in nature. To-day, I wish to direct your attention to an involuntary movement of an undeniably muscular character. You will, I think, at once grant me, that the beat of the heart is an involuntary movement. We are conscious that our hearts beat without any effort of our own; not only the existence, but even the rate and character of the pulsations, are beyond us; our hearts beat fast or slow regardless altogether of our wills. Not only has the will no part or lot in causing the heart to beat, the rhythmic pulsation of that important organ is independent, as far as its mere existence and continuance are concerned, of the whole central nervous system.

In proof of this, I might remind you that the heart of the chick may be seen to beat so early as the second or third day of incubation, while as yet the whole nervous system is an unformed, almost shapeless thing, not even a rough sketch of what it is to be.

But we have more palpable evidence before us here. This tortoise, as far as its nervous system is concerned, might be spoken of as perfectly dead. You see that it is wholly motionless. It has not stirred a limb since I placed it on the table in the forenoon; and were I to bring to bear upon its nerves the strongest battery possessed by this institution I should not be able to elicit a single muscular contraction. Nevertheless, its heart is quite alive. You see by the rise and fall of the long straw lever which I have brought to bear upon it, that it is beating with wellnigh the same strength and the same regularity as if its whole nervous system were present in the full swing of work. This other straw lever is moved in like manner, by the heart of a tortoise removed altogether out of the

body, left lying by itself in a little basin; and you see that its stroke is steady, large, and continued. Both hearts will continue to beat throughout the lecture, and might if left alone be found beating here to-morrow.

The question I have to put forward for your consideration, is, why does the heart beat thus? What is it which makes and keeps up the beat?

I need hardly say that I could not thus exhibit to you the isolated beating heart of a bird or of a mammal. But we must not, therefore, infer that the hearts of these creatures do not beat from the same cause as do those of a tortoise or a frog.

It is a simple question of rate of expenditure. The lives of the hearts of warm-blooded beings, like the lives of their whole bodies, are fast and energetic lives. The heart, like other parts of the body, lives on the nutriment material brought to it by the blood, which is forever streaming through its tissue; and the heart of a warm-blooded animal is found to use up in a very few minutes the nourishment brought to it at any moment by the blood. It lives up to its physiological income; and hence whenever the blood-current is shut off it soon fails for want of food and ceases to beat.

The cold-blooded tortoise, on the contrary, lives far below its income; it keeps nutritious material borrowed from blood stored up somewhere in its fibres.

The whole body of the animal to which this heart belonged had been living all the winter on the capital of nourishment accumulated in its tissues out of the summer's feeding. A moiety of that capital was invested in the fibres of the heart. On that investment it can now fall back, and that is why you see it beating now.

If you supply a warm-blooded heart with such a current of nutritious blood through its smaller blood-vessels as will bathe all its fibres with new rich material, you can keep it beating too. And, were it not for the mechanical difficulties of the matter, I might, with the help of a pump, some tubing, and a supply of blood, be showing you a sheep's heart beating instead of a tortoise's.

We may rest content that in all beating hearts the mechanism is the same; that they all beat for the same fundamental reasons, and if we take the cold-blooded heart as our lesson, it is because in it the wheels of life drag heavily and move slowly, giving us better hope of catching some glimpse of the wheels within wheels, and of learning how it is they move.

To return, then, to the question—How is it that this lone tortoise-heart thus continues to beat?

The heart as we know is a muscle, its beat is a contraction, and remembering the dictum which I laid down at the beginning of the last lecture, touching contractions and stimuli (for had I wrapped the tiny frog's muscle which I then used round a tube, and used an intermittent current stimulus, I might have made it beat like a heart), the question comes to us, where is the stimulus which comes and goes, which acts and ceases to act, which acting brings forth a beat, and, ceasing to act, lets come a pause?

As we watch a heart beating within a living body, and note how the welling up of blood into each cavity is regularly followed by a grasping contraction, which empties the cavity and ushers in a pause, it comes natural to us to suppose that the blood is the stimulus of which we are in search.

When the blood, we might say, touches the delicate sensitive lining of auricle or ventricle, the heart feels the touch and gives a throb. At each beat the cavity is emptied of its blood, the stimulus is removed, and so the muscular walls fall into rest. With the new stream of blood there comes a fresh beat; and so on.

We might further say, the whole quantity of blood which pours into each cavity, in the interval of rest, is much more than is needed for the purpose of a stimulus; a mere touch would be quite enough. For instance, the few scant drops of blood

which ebb and flow around and in this tortoise-heart, might be deemed sufficient to make it beat.

All this is plausible enough; but it is wholly put aside by one simple fact. If I were to wash this heart free from every drop of blood, clean it of every red corpuscle, it would still continue to beat if placed in a suitable medium. But it may be said, it is not, so to speak, the bloodness of blood, which makes blood a stimulus; any other fluid which comes and goes, which touches and ceases to touch, would do as well. This view, too, is found wanting when tried. If I tie the great vessels of the heart so that the fluid cannot get out during a contraction, but always remains in contact with the inner surface of the heart's cavities, or lay bare all those cavities with the knife, so that they are no longer emptied at the contraction, the beat still goes on. No coming and going of blood or any other fluid will solve the riddle of the heart. I should weary you were I to discuss in detail the numerous other hypotheses of like character which have been proposed. I say boldly and dogmatically at once, that in none of the outward circumstances of the heart's existence, can we find any thing worthy of being regarded as a stimulus, which comes and goes, which acts and ceases to act, and therefore of being put forward as the cause why the heart beats and rests, rests and beats again.

The cause of heart-beat is somewhere in the substance of the heart itself. Having gained this position, we are naturally led to the question:

Is the cause of the beat, the spring of action, diffused over the whole heart, or fixed in some special centre or centres?

To answer this question, let us go to the frog's heart, which, as shown by this diagram, is composed of two auricles above, and a single ventricle below. Will each auricle and will the one ventricle beat by itself alone? or must the heart be whole and entire? or will any little bit of it continue, for a while, to pulsate?

Experiments, carefully made and many times repeated, have led to the following results:

If the heart be divided crosswise, so as to separate the auricles from the ventricle, the auricles will continue beating, and the ventricle also.

Not, of course, with the same force and frequency as before, and no longer in harmony. Still, each moiety pulsates distinctly, always for a considerable, often for a very long, time. If the whole heart be divided lengthwise, so as to separate it into a right half and a left half, each half continues to beat.

If the auricles, separated from the ventricle, be divided from each other, each division will continue beating. If they be quartered, the quarters will beat. Nay, if they be divided into small pieces, each, or, at all events, any, piece will be seen to possess at least some amount of rhythmic pulsation.

If the separated ventricle be divided lengthwise, each lateral half will beat.

But, if it be divided crosswise, while the top half may beat stoutly and well, the lower half will not beat at all. In fact, to cut the matter short, you may draw a line across the ventricle, a little and only a little below its top: above that line, almost any part will beat; below that line, there is no spontaneous beat, no intrinsic spring of action at all.

These are facts. Can we in any way account for them? Is there any thing in the structure of the frog's heart to explain why the lower part of the ventricle will not beat of itself, while other parts do?

Allow me to call your attention to two nerves which run into the heart on its hinder aspect, at about the spot where the great veins debouch into the auricles. They are the only nerves supplying the frog's heart; we may trace them running along the partition between the two auricles, and ending in two knobs situate near the valves which shut off the cavity of the ventricle from those of the auricles. So far there is nothing very particular. Every muscle, as we know, has its nerve, and the heart is but a complex muscle. Yet, there is something particular

about these nerves; and in this way: If we apply the stimulus of the interrupted galvanic current to the nerve of an ordinary muscle, we throw the muscle into more or less violent contractions. But, if we apply the same interrupted current to these nerves of the heart, we do not make it contract, we do not make it beat; on the contrary, we stop its beating. This difference of function is accompanied by a remarkable difference of structure. The nerves which supply ordinary muscles are composed entirely of nerve-fibres. You may trace any such nerve right down to its junction with the muscle-fibres, and you may meet with separation and division of nerve-fibres; but you will find nothing else besides fibres. If, however, you attempt to trace out these nerves of the heart, you will find strewn among the nerve-fibres, and variously connected with them, certain small organs called nerve-cells.

These are little rounded masses of protoplasm, often shaped like a pear or a balloon, the stalk or neck being continuous in most cases with one or two nerve-fibres (generally two). Now, all the results hitherto obtained in the physiology of the nervous system go to show that, while nerve-fibres merely conduct, transmit, or propagate nervous impulses, being wholly destitute of any power to originate them, nerve-cells, in addition to their capacity for simple conduction, are able of themselves, out of their own inner molecular working, either to originate wholly new impulses, or so to transform impulses which they receive, that these issue from the cell as altogether different things from what they were when they entered it. Nerves composed of nerve-fibre only can never make a muscle move, save, as we stated at the beginning of the first lecture, when they are themselves stirred by some stimulus. Nerve-cells, on the contrary, may, and do, give out stimuli, set going impulses, though every thing around them may be in a condition of most complete equilibrium. I would avail myself here of the common illustration of the electric wire of the telegraph to represent the nerve-fibres, and the terminal batteries to represent the nerve-cells, were I not anxious to avoid giving unintentional support to an idea all too frequent, that the passage of a nervous impulse and a galvanic current are fundamentally identical processes.

Taking, then, nerve-fibres as, so to speak, mere passive instruments, and nerve-cells as active centres, the importance of these nerve-cells scattered along the nerves of the frog's heart will at once become evident to you. There is something to be learned, too, about the position of these nerve-cells. They are found clustered round the two nerves as they join the heart.

They are found accompanying the nerves as they journey along the partition between the auricles, being in places scattered singly, and in spots gathered together into little groups called *ganglia*. The two terminal knobs of which I spoke just now as lying at the top of the ventricle are full of these nerve-cells—indeed, are ganglia. From these knobs numerous fine nerve-fibres descend into the substance of the ventricles; but no cells accompany them. Below the line of the top of the ventricle, no nerve-cells, no ganglia whatever, are to be found; above that line, in the walls of the auricle, in the middle partition, at the junction of the great veins with the auricle—in all these places they are abundant and obvious.

It will not have escaped you that this structural feature of the frog's heart tallies remarkably with the results obtained touching the localization of the power of spontaneous beat. Where nerve-cells, where ganglia are present in the auricles, in any part of the auricles, in the whole or top part of the ventricles, there the spontaneous beat is witnessed. Where ganglia are absent—in the lower part of the ventricle, in all the ventricle, in fact, except its top—there the spontaneous beat is absent too. The ventricle severed from the nerve-cells which reside close upon its valves has lost all power to give or keep up of itself a rhythmic beat.

We infer, therefore, that these ganglia are in some way or other connected with the spontaneous beat.

BECAUSE.

A LOVE-BALLAD.

BECAUSE my lady's foot hath trod
Often the meadowy lapse between
Her lawn and yonder lake, the sod
Laughs into sunnier emerald sheen.

Because my lady's hand hath trained
Her reckless rose-vines how to grow,
A wealthier crimson, costlier stained,
Flatters her columned portico.

Because my lady's garden guessed
Her longings through the April hours,
Its barren levels have confessed
A lovelier vassalage of flowers.

Because my lady's golden voice
Is caught by many a passing breeze,
It seems all bird-land's common choice
To warble in her stately trees.

Because my lady keeps by night
Long trysts within her spacious park,
Near a vague fountain's looming white
That quivers in the balmy dark—

Because my lady does not scorn,
But here her priceless love hath owned,
I, a poor singer, lowly born,
Am as a sovereign crowned and throned.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

IF mediocrity be the distinguishing characteristic of this season's Exhibition, so far as art is concerned, it may not be denied that upholstery makes in it a most conspicuous show. Costliness and splendor in framing grow on from bad to worse, as though the canvas were a mere accessory of carving and gilding—nor, to tell truth, would it always be unjust to give it this relative position. Nevertheless, when the eye desires to be pleased, something attractive can scarcely be wanting; and so the reader is invited to a slight survey of the best adornments of the Academy walls, rather than to slashing comments on what there may be on them of feeble and of false.

The conspicuous absentees have already been mentioned in these columns; and, with respect to them, it is only requisite to add the hope that they are filling their sketch-books with ample material for future subjects, and their minds with the conviction that, without labor, and plenty of it, there can be no genuine and permanent success. A residence abroad, and a study of the great European galleries, ought to be mainly of use to our young artists, in teaching them the value of hard work. The old masterpieces of painting, that remain unrivalled from generation to generation, were not "thrown off;" they were the results of combined intelligence and toil. The haste to be rich is the curse of the day in the artistic walks of life, as it is in politics and trade.

There is not much to detain you in the Corridor. Worthy of notice, however, are two "Etchings," Nos. 17 and 37, by Henriette Browne, from borrowed Oriental figure-subjects, which, by-the-way, illustrate the just-hinted importance of painstaking. Herself a celebrity, for all the world knows her famous group of the Sisters of Mercy nursing a sick boy, this Frenchwoman has not thought it beneath her dignity to prac-

tise her hand after this fashion, and to copy that which has charmed her in another's handiwork. Her own fine and firm touch cannot but be admired.—Mr. Beard's "Raining Cats and Dogs," No. 41, can hardly be passed by; nor will any one doubt that, as the title conveys a grotesque idea, so the idea is grotesquely treated. It is in truth a thorough down-pour, with the murky atmosphere of a storm, and the living missiles of the adage. Mr. Beard has treated it after his own manner, showing rare familiarity with animal life and passion, and no small amount of careful drawing. The one prevalent notion on the part of his hapless victims seems to be, that the act of hurling them, from void space down to earth, is to be resented upon their own species who survive the fall, and there is, in consequence, a multitudinous free fight. The theme is undeniably a rude one, and coarsely rendered; but, after all, it is almost a relief, since the town has been satiated with satin gowns, and cottage interiors, and the still life of imported consignments.—Mr. Tait, in No. 51, "Ruffled Grouse," offers a more pleasant insight into the domestic affairs of the lower creation. The effect is droll, if you turn from the feline and canine fury, in the one case, to the pretty innocence of the young brood in the other.—There is much merit in the composition, tone, and coloring of No. 53, "One Tune more, and then to Bed," by Mr. J. T. Peele. A musical genius, looking as though he were out of a novel by Dickens, is playing a reed-pipe to a wondering boy seated on his knee. All is good, save the child's right leg, which is quite out of drawing.—On the right-hand side of the door, at the head of the stairs, and immediately over No. 100, hangs a clever little bit of forest scenery, which is unnumbered and untitled, but which will catch the sympathetic eye.

It is impossible not to be arrested, in the North Room, by No. 109, Mr. Waterman's "Lemuel Gulliver in Liliput," a curious and happy illustration of the little people dealing with their monster. Elaborated with an infinity of detail, it is yet effective as a whole. It represents Gulliver as he was tied and bound by the wondering Liliputians, when discovered in a state of tipsy drowsiness upon their shores. The violent contrast of size, that would seem to be inseparable from the subject, and that would militate against pictorial harmony, is avoided by foreshortening the huge recumbent figure, and by covering it mainly with neutral tints, while the scores and scores of busy-bodies around are flaunting it in many a brilliant hue. So skilfully indeed is the invader laid out, that you might, at the first glance, almost mistake him for some peculiar geological formation. Notable instances of good drawing will be observed in Mr. Waterman's delineation of the innumerable pigmies; nor is a sense of humor wanting in their incidental bearings and occupations around and upon the prostrate body. Thus, a bill-sticker is pasting up a play-bill on its upturned foot, as it were on a wall; an artist, with his easel before him, is sketching the same foot, as it were some shapeless but grand architectural monument; mountebanks are tumbling by aid of the ropes that pin Gulliver down. There cannot be fewer than a hundred figures in the foreground and middle distance, taking part variously and vigorously in this comic imagining. They are commended to the spectator's prolonged scrutiny, and Mr. Waterman may be congratulated on a successful outbreak from conventionalism.—Mr. Lambdin exhibits several contributions. The best among them is No. 125, "The Experienced Fisherman," a small upright piece of still life, if such a term may be applied to human beings. But it is in this very stillness prevailing throughout, and almost rising to the dignity of sentiment, that the charm of the composition lies. Three boys make up the group. One is baiting his hook, watched the while, with absorbing interest, by a petticoated tyro at his side. The third, statue-like and soberly tinted, is intent upon his business. All is harmonious, quiet, natural, truthful, yet withal original, though exception may perhaps be taken to the green of the meadow in the background. A tailor once told a cus-

tomers that green coats for the season were to be "a little more off the bottle, and on the grass." The hint may be taken in this instance, and in others also where the pastoral is not a mere accessory.—Mention has been made of Mr. Kensett's "Lake George," No. 130, not to be mistaken for the work of any other artist. If it diverge in any point from his felicitous mannerisms, it is in the very skilful introduction of a passing rain-cloud.—Two female portraits, Nos. 129 and 133, both spirited and good, flank the quiet Lake. One is by Mr. Baker; the other by Mr. Hicks. The dress in the former, and the neck and hands in the latter, might be improved by an hour's work.—Mr. Bristol's, No. 134, "Mount Everett, Mass.," in a hazy atmosphere, is worth attention.—The same may be said of Mr. G. H. Hall's "La Feria de Jueves," No. 143, three priests at a book-stall in Seville fair. An inimitable fruit-painter, and as such unrivalled among us, Mr. Hall has lately branched out into subjects of Spanish life, certainly without adding any thing to his reputation. Clusters of grapes, however luscious, cannot carry off groups of peasants; nor can a gourd, painted ever so perfectly, endow a mediocre muleteer with life. Were it not better, alike for profit and fame, to be chief in an inferior class of subjects, than to be low down in attempts upon the higher? It can only be said, in this case, that the priests are an improvement upon some of their predecessors.—The sombre truthfulness of Mr. Ritchie's "Death of President Lincoln," No. 148, is so marked and so painful, that we can only condole with the conscientious artist on his choice of theme, and pass on in search of more pleasurable emotion.—Mr. T. W. Wood, in No. 153, "The Country Doctor," coming in from a snow-storm to visit a boy-patient in a cottage, has spoiled what would otherwise be a tolerable bit of domestic life, by the restless extravagance of his accessories. All those needless pendants beside the door are enough to give a looker-on the fidgets. Mr. Wood might be advised to study No. 154, "On the Trail," by Mr. O. C. Ward, wherein the minor parts are made to be subordinate and keep their place. This lurking Indian, in white man's costume, is not a very agreeable personage to contemplate; but he is well handled on the canvas, which, by-the-way, is clear from pigment, and has some of the quality of water-colors.—Boldly, broadly, and ably treated is Mr. Constant Mayer's "Early Grief," No. 163, presenting a young girl, with shovel on her shoulder, come forth into the woodland to bury her deceased canary-bird. But better were a little coffin as a substitute for the cage, so powerfully marked is the tragic element, so womanly is the childish sorrow.—Mr. Sonntag, in No. 172, "A Study from Nature in New Hampshire," adheres to that crisp, but, so to say, jerky style which is peculiarly his own, or which is only shared by Mr. Parton, in No. 288, elsewhere, a view of "Stirling Castle." As contradistinguished from the smearing style, so common along these walls, it is admirable; but it is better adapted for small than for large-sized canvas.

Move on to the East Room. Very grateful and very subtly charming is No. 181, by Mr. H. P. Gray, the "Portrait of a Young Lady." There is nothing brilliant, nothing rich; no superb shawl, no luminous jewel. All is quiet, simple, truthful, tasteful. In the oneness of tone there is a prevalence of lead-color, half-relieved, and somewhat oddly, by a bit of blue ribbon in the hair. Let this be contrasted with its *vis-à-vis*, No. 254, also a young lady's "Portrait," by Mr. G. A. Baker, which is all dash and sparkle and gay animation. The latter will catch the many admirers; the former will hold the few. It is the old difference between the popular and the good. Another strange contrast with Mr. Gray's bit of quietude is afforded by its immediate neighbor, No. 185, Mr. W. Morgan's "Emancipation," a very small but in some respects effective picture, though we must own that we probably miss half its meaning. The contrast is in the intermixture of sombre and vivid tints. The subject is a young woman, half antique in costume though decidedly modern in face, who has caught and released a butterfly. Beside her, on a perch, is a gaudily-

plumaged parrot. Filling the background is what seems to us to be the tapestried semblance of the three Maries at the tomb of Christ, with the angel watching. There is something suggestive and clever in it, even though not altogether satisfactory.—Mr. Eastman Johnson is much more intelligible in No. 196. His "Portraits" are portraits of mirrors, curtains, carpet, mantel-piece, and upholstery in general, with, incidentally, an old gentleman, a lady, and a tiny child, the last being on tip-toe and in blue velvet, and busily whispering in the old gentleman's ear. What the little urchin says may be read in the listener's wincing and astonished expression. It can be nothing else than the question: "Have a weed, Grandpa?"—Decidedly refreshing is it to meet with a novelty, and a novelty full of promise, contributed by the bearer of an honored name. An American Meissonier was wanting; Mr. J. B. Irving apparently aspires to fill the gap; and in his "Wine Tasters," No. 222, will be recognized many qualifications for so doing. There are several figures seated around a table, whose occupation is told in the title. The imitation of the famous Frenchman's style is very successful; but Mr. Irving should now be warned against becoming a mere imitator. In subjects, at least, he may improve upon his original. The period of Louis XIV. and XV. is not a picturesque one, in the way of costumes. It were well to go further back, or to ground less familiar. Meissonier, moreover, shows the minimum of sentiment in his handiwork. His manipulation is marvellous; but his chief merit begins and ends there.—Mr. Guy has made rapid strides to a high place in his profession, and his "More Free than Welcome," No. 226, has many of his excellences, though injured by carelessness in drawing that is altogether unusual with him. A child, seated on a rock, half-amused and half-afraid, holds up a nosegay at arm's length, while a large and fiercely-horned goat seems to covet possession of the flowers. The composition is original and happy, the coloring unconventional and acceptable to the eye; the faults, we say, are in the drawing. The child's left leg is so much too long, that he would be of man's stature if he stood up; his left arm, from the elbow downward, can scarcely be attached to the upper joint. Mr. Guy is seen to more advantage in Nos. 77 and 260; the latter a portrait of the late lamented Mr. C. L. Elliot.—Is Mr. E. D. Nelson a pupil or an imitator of Mr. Durand? The latter's speciality for tree-trunks appears to be invaded in No. 231, a "Scene on the Bronx River." Tree-trunks are good in their way; but they may be disproportioned to foliage.

The South Room abounds as usual with huge portraits of Bank Presidents and other dignitaries of church and college, law and commerce, with fewer heroes than usual in military attire. Of the colossals, we notice only one, because there must be an error in the artist's name attached to it in the Catalogue. Therein we read that Mr. Hicks painted "Andrew Mills," No. 268. On the contrary, was it not Mumler, the spiritual photographer, whose doings have lately enlivened the law-courts and the town? At least, in the background is the shadowy semblance of some deceased Dry-Dock Savings-Bank President, who is not limned as a statue or as a picture within a picture, but stands there a Mumleresque spirit!—Of the moderate-sized portraits, we remember only two that are conspicuous, a wonderfully-fine and characteristic likeness of the "Rev. Henry Ward Beecher," by Mr. Page, No. 326, and a clever likeness of "A Gentleman," done in brown and *chiaroscuro*, principally the latter, by Mr. W. Hunt.—Mr. E. H. May sends from Paris No. 272, "Louis XIV. at Marley," wherein the monarch is amusing himself in his old age by seeing the carp fed in one of the garden fish-ponds, while Madame de Maintenon sits in her sedan-chair looking sadly on, and the courtiers, male and female, are grouped on either side of these two central figures, in front of whom are the water and the fish. The composition is clever, almost satirical in its portraiture of royal decrepitude, and in the latent anxiety stamped on the face of Madame de Maintenon, who may be supposed to see visions of departing sway. The grouping is well managed;

and the costumes have evidently been studied with elaborate care, though their texture is much too massive. Moire is heavy, but not quite so solid as stone-work.—Far more ethereal is the general treatment, by Mr. Hennessy, of a "Summer Sea," No. 273. In the calm, there is a universal glow upon sand and ocean and sails of boats; but, though the artist touches the very verge of exaggeration, we are glad to recognize on this canvas much genuine feeling and a close observance of nature, which qualities are not always found in Mr. Hennessy's affected figure-pieces.—Mr. Huntington's "Science and Christian Art," No. 277, has been already alluded to in our general notice. We therefore only pause to express surprise at recognizing "Titian's Mistress" in the female pointing to a picture of the Holy Family.—There is pictorial license, as there is poetical license, and painters are not to be bound by tape and measure. Yet there is reason in all things. Why should Lilliputians walk the sands in Mr. Kensett's "Beverly Coast," No. 316, unless perhaps to give effect to the upstarting wave, which has no business, on so flat a shore, to be jumping up to such an elevation?—Adjoining the portrait of Mr. Beecher, which should be covered up by the hand while looking at its neighbor, hangs an exceedingly fine "Moonrise after a Gale," No. 329, by Mr. W. P. W. Dana. It is charged to the full with poetry and sentiment, and at the same time free from all extravagance. The sky is specially admirable.

In the West Room, we commend to notice, for various good points, three or four small and unpretentious subjects, that should not and will not be entirely overlooked. They are, No. 331, "Waiting for a Job," a young shoeblack, by Mr. E. M. Ward; "The Chief Cook," a negro of the genuine type, by Mr. W. D. Washington; "Prairie Hens," No. 373, by Mr. G. W. Fordham; No. 399, "In the Studio," by Mr. J. F. Weir; and "Sleeping Beauty," No. 410, by Mr. J. La Farge. What Mr. Weir can do the public knows; he has made his mark. How long will it be before Mr. La Farge does justice to his latent power, and his genuine feeling for color?

YACHTS IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

THE organization of the New York Yacht Club, some fifteen years ago, gave the first systematic training to our amateur sailors, who, to use an old salt's phrase, "get on their vessels through the cabin-window." Before the era mentioned, we had many spirited gentlemen who had their pleasure sailing-vessels, and who won enviable distinction by their spirited marine triumphs. The pilotage of our harbor, left open to the impulse of American rivalry, was a first-class school for the training of expert and "fancy" seamen, and for the trial of experiments in the building of hulls and the shaping of sails. Our extended and beautiful harbor is also favorable for tyros in the mysteries of Neptune, where they have quite a field for experiment, and always an admiring audience to cheer any successful performance, or render assistance in case of a mishap. Under these favorable influences, we have a leading yacht club and subordinate associations throughout the country, the united power of which is superior to any similar organizations in Europe, and positively, in practical seamanship and construction of vessels, eclipsing the greatest achievements of the only naval rival America can have, the Royal Yacht Club of England. Originally our yacht contests were confined to the harbor, and the gentlemanly owners of vessels were content to employ able seamen to do the practical work; now the field is the open ocean, and the "kid gloves and self-indulgences" are laid aside for the actual command on deck. Nothing can be more praiseworthy, or more truly manly, than this increasing fondness for yachting, and it should be a source of congratulation to every one that the New York Yacht Club alone will commence the season with a fleet of forty unsurpassed vessels, many of the number of world-wide reputation; and many which are, though yet untried, without doubt destined, in

the harbors of our own fashionable watering-places, and in the sounds and channels of Europe, to emblazon our growing superiority in naval architecture, and our natural right to the mastery of the ocean.

American yachting culminates in two grand events. Commodore J. O. Stevens, of Hoboken, is probably entitled to the first place in the regard of yachtsmen. His fondness for vessels was inordinate, and his desire to achieve national triumphs is confirmed by a half century of patriotic devotion. He had a consuming idea to conquer the traditional superiority of the Royal Yacht Club of England, and every step he made was evidently in that direction.

With the triumphs of the *Maria* came the consciousness that his dream would be fulfilled. Many years previous to this time, Mr. Stevens was standing on the banks of the Hudson, watching with marked interest the sailing of a toy vessel managed by what seemed an expert boy. As the little bark, with the grace of a gull, dashed under the shadows of Weehawken, the commodore discerned a rudely-painted name on the side of the craft.

"What vessel is that?" shouted the commodore, in a state of true admiration.

"The John C. Stevens," answered back the then unknown George Steers. Two master-minds became thus romantically yet properly acquainted.

Mr. Stevens talked to the boy, found him full of intelligence, and possessed of a sense of nationality that was as intense and well regulated as a true religious sentiment. He encouraged him, and his sagacity was truly rewarded. The triumphs of the *Maria* justified Mr. Stevens in the belief that now the dream of a life might be realized. He would take up the gauntlet thrown down by the richest and greatest maritime nation of the earth. The result is known to the world. To George Steers, without instructions or suggestions, was intrusted the building of a yacht that should outsail any thing owned by the royal fleet of England.

The modest artisan sat down in his little room, surrounded by his models and plans, and dreamed of constructing a gigantic ship whose enormous sails would even from a mild breeze gather a gale that would send the hull with lightning swiftness through the waves. But out of calmer thought was finally born the yacht *America*, the achievements of which cast a halo of glory over American naval architecture, and gave to our yachtsmen an immortality of fame.

The second grand act in this struggle for superiority was the conception and execution of an ocean race. That culminated in the achievements of the *Henrietta*. Smaller vessels had crossed the ocean; equally good seamanship had been displayed; but the triumph was in the conception of crossing the North-Atlantic Ocean in mid-winter, and by encountering all the perils of the most inhospitable of seas, thus testing, in the severest ordeal possible, the qualities of American-built and American-rigged vessels, and justifying before the world our daring practical originality in the construction of the "wooden walls" that command the supremacy of the sea.

With such a wealth of noble tradition connected with American yachting, it is no wonder our American harbors are filled with splendid yachts. It is a source of pride to their owners that one of our "merchant-princes," travelling in his pleasure-boat, astonished the northern ports of Europe by the magnificence and practical superiority of his floating palace; that one of their own fleet carried off the palm of victory, when contesting in English waters with the best craft of all maritime peoples; and that another sailed in triumph into the harbor of Cowes, with the Queen of England an admiring spectator, and a prince of the royal blood ready by personal attention to do homage to so much well-achieved fame.

The cartoon which accompanies this number of the *JOURNAL* exhibits a yacht-regatta in one of our Northern waters. There is nothing which the pen can supplement to the delineation of

the pencil in illustrating the spirited scene. The artist has seized the moment when the vessels, rounding the stake-boat, go down, wing-and-wing, on another tack, and has brought to the spot a group of steamers and boats, crowded with spectators eagerly watching the candidates for the winning honors.

THE INFLUENCE OF WEALTH BY MEANS OF EXAMPLE.

HAS wealth a greater or less influence in America than elsewhere? Much has been already said, and much more might be said, on both sides of the question. The careful and candid observer will probably arrive at the conclusion that, while wealth in general is fully as potent here as in most countries, the open and avowed influence (the reader will please note our adjectives) of the individual rich man is much less than in many other lands. He may further conclude that, among different classes of rich men, the self-made are more influential than those who have inherited their wealth: for which there are two reasons—one highly honorable to both parties, the other much the reverse—the one being, that the architect of his own fortune is somewhat more apt to make large donations for public purposes; the other, that he is a great deal more likely to be unscrupulous in carrying out any selfish or underhand designs.

We have no intention of ranging over the vast field which this question opens. Our object is, only to examine one corner of it, which is frequently viewed in a false light. It has become customary and rather popular to assert that our national and public extravagance is in a great measure due to the example set by our wealthy men and their families. They are luxurious and ostentatious and wasteful; other citizens, from the laborer to the legislator, copy their luxury and ostentation and waste. Let them be frugal and moderate and unpretending, and they will set the fashion in these virtues.

Our democratic Catos who talk thus overlook one fact which upsets their whole line of reasoning—the fact that examples of the one class are positive, those of the other negative. The demonstrative millionaire is seen of all men; the quiet gentleman or lady is simply lost in the crowd. Struckile swims in champagne, and drives his six-in-hand. Everybody talks about Struckile; everybody looks out for him in the park or at the watering-place; he is written largely in the chronicles of Jenkins. Mrs. Vandam and Mrs. Knickerbocker go about very quietly and simply, and nine-tenths of the people they meet pass them without notice, being perfectly ignorant that their unostentation has any other than a compulsory cause. Such influence as their example exerts is confined to their intimate friends.

There is a little uncertainty, too, about the standard proposed, just a shade of vagueness. We are often referred to the simple good taste of real gentlemen and ladies abroad. Now, a little knowledge is often as dangerous as a little learning, and nowhere more so than in arguing from one country to another. Sometimes the conclusion is erroneous, because the premises are diametrically opposite. The Englishman who bullies hotel waiters is set down, on Thackeray's authority, as a snob. Why? Because the English waiter is mostly a very meek sort of person, and the guest who hectors at him is guilty of an act analogous to that of the man who slangs a woman. The American or Irish-American waiter is something entirely different from this. Yet, so servilely do we follow our European models, that the American gentleman who should endeavor, not to bully a waiter—such a feat is impossible even in imagination—but to prevent a waiter from bullying him, would probably be considered a vulgarian by the majority of his fellow-sufferers. In other cases, the error arises from a loose conception of terms, as in the present instance, confounding simplicity with economy, and the absence of show, or of a particular kind of show,

with the absence of coat. Let us suppose ourselves at Paris during the spring races. We are told that the Marquis de la Vieille Roche's equipage is a pattern of good taste and simplicity. This means that the marquis's carriage and harness and liveries are less showy and shiny than those of M. Dubois, the rich speculator; it does not mean that they did not cost a good deal of money, or that their costliness is not apparent to persons who are judges in such matters. Let us flit over the Channel, and call on Lord Comandine. His lordship wears very plain clothes, perhaps very cheap clothes; but he has a house full of servants (or "lackeys," as our popular writers would call them), and a stable full of horses. Shall we go farther—southward, for instance, and drop in on the Count of Monte Diavolo, at Genoa? He is frugal enough in his way, and certainly squanders no champagne on townsmen or foreigners; but he has sunk thousands upon thousands in an absurd villa, replete with all manner of childish contrivances. Let us recross the Alps, and alight in the fashionable German watering-place of Rothundschwartzburg. Here it does seem as if we have at last found unaffected economy in high places. The Princess of Rauchenzuviel-Bigwigen, for all her sixteen or more quarters, wears a dress that your Biddy would hardly condescend to exhibit on Sundays, and pays her visits in a shabby hired vehicle. Very good; but she is always the princess. Whatever she does, within certain limits, is right. Being a princess, she may wear what she pleases, provided she wears something, and does not shock the decencies of society by appearing like Hans Breitmann's mermaid—"vot hadn't got nosing on." Now, Meedames Knickerbocker and Vandam have no such prestige of position. They themselves, independently of their surroundings, are not looked up to by people at large, and even in their own set it is just as likely as not that their motives will be misconstrued. The man of known wealth and small personal expenses is almost certain to be suspected of parsimony.

True, he may set himself right in the eyes of the general public by large charitable donations; but within the general public there are several smaller special publics, which have a greater influence on his daily comfort—the retail shopkeepers, for instance, who entertain the most lordly notions with regard to expense, and look down with sublime contempt on the customer who presumes to cheapen an article or question an item in a bill.

To expect that our wealthy citizens will renounce pleasure and incur trouble and contumely for the sake of setting a negative and practically useless example, is expecting too much of human nature. But there is a positive example which they can set, and which, in one sense, the public has a right to demand of them—by encouraging art and literature. For the former they have done something, we may even say much, though not nearly so much as they might and should, nor always in the wisest way; for the latter, extremely little. There are facts in connection with this subject which it is not pleasant to think of, especially when we consider our city's general reputation for liberality. It is not gratifying to remember that six years ago many of our richest men refused to contribute a dollar toward the erection of a lodging for native art. It is not satisfactory to know that (owing to the rise in prices since its foundation, and despite an additional gift from the founder's heir) the Astor Library is in a state of positive poverty, and has become almost useless to scholars, from the stoppage of its foreign periodicals. And there are illustrations of our theme, smaller and less obvious, but in reality stronger. Thus it has long been a current idea among our "solid men" that, when an author has gone to the trouble of writing and the expense of publishing a book, he should deem himself happy if he can find readers by giving it away, and that the acquaintance who asks him for a copy is conferring a personal obligation on him.

Our remarks, though they may have the appearance of being somewhat desultory, are not made without direct and im-

mediate reference. A movement is now on foot to establish a National Institute, which shall not confine its attention to "practical" knowledges, but bestow a fair share of it on aesthetics and humanities. The preliminary organization of the separate academies is not a difficult matter. The tug of war will come when the central institution is to be started. A large sum will be required to place it on an adequate and secure foundation. Our rich men will be called upon—we trust not in vain.

MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD.

By DR. THOMAS LAYCOCK, PROFESSOR OF MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

I.

THE differences in the corporeal constitution of the sexes extend to the composition of the blood, the nutrition of the blood-vessels, and the constitution of the nervous system. The mental organology and the corresponding endowments of the sexes differ in regard to both the size and qualities of the encephalia in general, and of particular portions of it. According to Tiedemann's researches, the female brain is smaller from birth than the male. An adult male's brain is heavier than an adult female's by one-tenth, or, in other words, man's brain is in proportion by weight to woman's as one hundred to ninety. This difference has been attributed to the lower stature of woman, but observations, carefully collected by my friend Dr. Thurnam, show that the explanation is not admissible.

On the contrary, while the stature of woman is only eight per cent. less than that of man, the weight of her brain is ten per cent. less. Dr. Thurnam further shows that the difference is in the weight of the hemispheres, for he found these to be twelve per cent. heavier in man than in woman, while the cerebellum was only ten per cent. heavier. Although particular lobes have not been weighed, we may infer that the difference is chiefly in the frontal lobe. Gratiolet states that woman's brain is smaller anteriorly than man's, in this respect more nearly resembling the brain of youth. Milton's affirmation that man's "fair large front and eye sublime declare absolute will," would not apply to the smaller frontal development of woman, in whom a large forehead derogates from beauty of form and expression.

Experience shows that woman has less capability than man for dealing with the abstract in philosophy, science, and art, and this fact is in accordance with the less development of the frontal convolutions. It has been plausibly alleged (chiefly, however, by those who have not looked at the physiological side of the question), that this difference is owing to the defective education of woman as compared with man, and that if she had the same advantages of a training in logic, metaphysics, and the exact sciences, she would be the equal of man in these qualities of mind. But many men have risen to eminence in these departments who have had no better educational advantages than women—in some instances, even fewer. One fact seems to be conclusive as to this point. A much greater number of women than of men are educated in music, and many have attained to eminence as musical artists; but, so far as I know, all the great musical composers are men. This is equally true of the other æsthetic arts, as painting, sculpture, poetry, and literature. Women have attained to eminence in all those arts which express truthfully the sentiments and feelings; but few, if any, have reached the abstract heights of a Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare.

Nor does it appear that a special development of some of the faculties seated in the frontal lobe often occurs in women. The calculating, and other prodigies of genius, and persons with powerful memories, are almost exclusively boys and men. A few women have manifested the masculine faculties which lead to eminence in the physical sciences, but these have been quite as rare as bearded women. The author's colleagues in the University of

Edinburgh, the Professors of English Literature, Logic, and Natural Philosophy, have instructed women in classes from one hundred and fifty to two hundred in number, and report very favorably of the capacity of their female students for acquiring knowledge. Mr. Fraser, the Professor of Logic, considers their examination papers on logic quite equal to those of his masculine class in the University, but thinks the excellence is attained by greater effort and more exhaustion of brain. The women in these classes must, however, be considered to be select examples of their sex. Woman's excellence over man is not, in truth, in the manifestation of force of intellect and energy of will, but in the sphere of wisdom, and love, and moral power.

The natural history of man is in accordance with these scientific data. The defect in intellectual and physical energy of woman has determined her social position in all ages and all races. The male man, or *vir*, as Swedenborg accurately terms him, has always made, and still makes her his slave, in proportion as he is deficient in those moral qualities in which she excels him. Hence, among barbarous tribes, and even the lowest classes of Christian Europe (more especially, it is said, those of the Celtic stem), she is treated like a beast of burden; while in the Eastern world—preeminently by the Mohammedans—she is classed psychologically with the brute, by being denied a soul.

Thus, the same ignorant and weak vanity which impels the *vir* to repudiate fellowship with the monkey, and with inferior races of men, leads him to degrade the mother that bore him, and loved him with a love the type of all that is self-denying and true. All intelligent persons, whether men or women, must needs revolt against so great injustice, and seek to attain a better position for the sex. What woman's natural position is in human society, and what she can and ought to be, may be ascertained by an inquiry into the evolution of the social interests of man, under the guidance of biological law.

So low down in the scale of creation as we can go, wherever there is a discoverable distinction of sex, we find that maternity is the first and most fundamental duty of the female. That portion of matter which she supplies to the primordial molecule is always associated, more or less, with nutrient material derived from her body. The male never, in a single instance, in any organism, whether plant or animal, contributes nutrient material. In many species of vertebrates, and in the whole of the solitary articulates, the duty of providing food, warmth, and protection for the ovum, and for the subsequently-developed young, devolves exclusively upon the female. It is only in the more highly-developed pairing or domestic animals that the male assists the female in these duties.

The females of both solitary and social animals manifest constructive instincts in the formation of homes and clothing for their young, and in the collection and use of textile and other materials to this end. Feminine skill in the textile and constructive arts is but an evolution of this fundamental part of the maternal instinct. Therewith are evolved the faculty of judging of the materials and the desire to attain them, so often morbidly manifested in women as kleptomania. This is to be distinguished from the desire to attain for the purposes of personal decoration. In procuring and using these materials, and in selecting a locality suitable for the home of her offspring, the female of the lower animals displays a large amount of artfulness or cunning. Being, too, naturally timid, and devoid of natural weapons, this artfulness amounts to sagacity when defending her young, and takes the place of the warlike qualities so peculiar to the nature-armed male. It is through the evolution of these specially feminine instincts that woman is so highly endowed with powers of quick perception and ready induction as to all that concerns the welfare of those she loves. It was not without foundation in a great love of Nature that, with the ancient Greeks, female goddesses represented wisdom, sagacity, and astuteness in counsel.

It is in the manifestation of reciprocal fitness for the duties of life that the attractions proper to each sex in regard to the

other consists. These are both corporeal and moral; but the moral qualities, being the latest and most highly evolved, are the least regarded. The corporeal signs of healthy vigor are those which render individuals of the two sexes especially attractive to each other in man in common with lower animals. The form of the hips, or pelvis, the glow of health on the cheeks and lips, the purity of the teeth, the luxuriant hair, the elastic step, the graceful, easy carriage, indicate the mere corporeal qualities; the "heaving bosom," the open brow, the sympathizing smile, the gentle, emotional voice, indicate her social and moral qualities. It is to her bosom woman clings all that she loves, and it is by a sort of instinctive law that she seeks solace and protection, when needed, on the firm and unyielding breast of her husband.

The social duties of the sexes are regulated in man, as in all other social animals, by the fundamental laws of the genius of society, whereby there is a division of labor for the common good. In the unsocial animals, as in the solitary spiders, wasps, and bees, among the articulates, there is no sexual unity of action, so that the female performs all the duties for the maintenance of the species unaided. Higher up in the scale, as in the social insects, there is a division of labor for this end. In pairing animals, domestic or family life begins, and the male assists, encourages, solaces, feeds, and defends the female while performing her duties. In man, the most highly-evolved domestic and social animal, the monogamous family is the unit of the community; polygamy belongs rather to the gregarious mammals. But, in both these forms, the fundamental relations of the sexes to society are the same. The female widens the sphere of her sympathies to the inclusion of the males generally, and of the offspring of other females, and thus maternal affection evolves into the feminine social sympathies. Every man who has suffered much knows how instinctively woman is "a ministering angel." That it is an instinctive quality is proved by facts of natural history. The hinds of a herd have been seen to caress and solace a wounded and dying stag, and the female elephant nurses the wounded male. Mr. Chapman, the African traveller, followed an old bull-elephant he had shot, and watched him from the top of a camel-tree among a herd of cow-elephants. He was "surrounded by a group of about a dozen cows, caressing and fondling him, some of them dashing him with water from their trunks, others with sand." On the other hand, the males are the warriors and defenders of the community, and fight when it is attacked, in battle array under a leader; in these conflicts the females rarely take part.

Since the masculine qualities of energy and vigor are equally as necessary for the continued perfection of the species as for the defence of the community, those corporeal characteristics which indicate that a man is endowed with these qualities, and with masculine sympathy for the sex, are those which attract a woman's eye, and lead her to prefer him. Hence the origin of the mystic sympathies of the true woman with virile strength, fortitude, and courage, of the chivalrous kind, and of her contempt for what is effeminate, base, and cowardly in man.

From these considerations we can understand how the cerebral development and therewith the social position and duties and the mental and moral faculties of the sexes in man, are determined and fixed by fundamental laws of life and organization. But man, as distinguished from other animals, is a religious animal; so far, indeed, as is known, is the only animal that can be religious; for a religious sentiment implies the brain-development peculiar to man, by means of which he is enabled to acquire a knowledge of the abstract as to order, law, and duty, and of a spiritual cause of things. This capability coincides, as is shown by the natural history of lower races of men, as well as of lower animals, with a higher development of the frontal lobes. Woman, with her less abstract power and warmer sympathies, is more imaginative and less ratiocinative in the sphere of religion, and hence she stops short at faith sooner than man.

HERBERT SPENCER AS A THINKER.

THE *Nation* of April 29th has the following statement, occurring in a criticism upon M. Taine: "It is Herbert Spencer's reputation over again, all very well for the 'general public,' but the chemists and the physicians, the painters and the architects, are apt to scoff at the new light. Does this prove any thing? Of itself nothing, positively; but yet, the views of experts are exceedingly well worthy of notice."

The naked meaning of this statement is, that whatever may be Mr. Spencer's reputation with those who cannot discriminate between that which is spurious and that which is genuine, with those who are capable of judging, it is so hollow and worthless as to provoke derision. This statement is, to say the least, grossly erroneous; and coming as it does from a journal whose reputation for candor and independence of opinion gives weight to its averments, it demands correction, in justice equally to Mr. Spencer and to the public. The question is not as to the *Nation's* opinion of Mr. Spencer, but it is a question of fact—what is his standing with men of undoubted attainment—"experts," as the writer calls them, whose verdict has the weight of authority? To answer this question intelligently, we must refer to the attitude which this author has assumed in the world of thought, and to the tests by which he is to be judged.

The work by which Mr. Spencer's status, as a thinker, will be measured and determined is the new Philosophical System upon which he has for several years been engaged. That system differs from all others that have ever before been attempted, in this, that it is an outgrowth of modern thought, as embodied in the various sciences. He seeks to combine the highest truths which the sciences have reached, into one great scheme or organism of thought which shall correspond to and represent the order of Nature, and interpret the true position and destiny of man and society in relation to that order. It will be readily perceived that, successfully to accomplish so vast an undertaking, requires in an eminent degree two kinds of mental attainment very rarely combined in a single individual. The most extensive and accurate knowledge of the sciences must be united to a broad grasp of principles and a high power of generalization. Of the project itself, it may be said, first, that it is undoubtedly an intellectual possibility; second, that the advance of science has made this possibility greater now than ever it was before; third, that the decay of old systems and the resulting chaos of views make such a work greatly desirable; and fourth, that even a partial success in its execution, by shaping the course of future inquiry, and opening the way to the final solution of the problem, would be one of the noblest services which a man could render to the progress of thought. Believing that he could accomplish something valuable in this direction, and that at all events no harm could come to any but himself from the attempt, Mr. Spencer dedicated his life to the work, and entered upon it in 1860. Of that system three volumes and a portion of the fourth are now before the world, and are to be estimated upon their own merits.

Here, then, we have the standard by which Mr. Spencer's claims were to be adjudicated. He undertook a stupendous intellectual labor, in which all the presumptions were enormously against success. In doing this, he necessarily challenged the criticism of the strongest men in the various departments of scientific and philosophical inquiry—men unsparing in their judgments, and who would give neither favor nor quarter to mere ambitious pretensions. And now, after developing a large portion of his scheme, how does Mr. Spencer stand with these first-class men whose word is authority in their several departments of study?

Dr. J. D. Hooker, Government Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens at Kew, near London, is perhaps the most distinguished botanist in England. He was last year President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and, in

his inaugural address before the assembled *savants* of England, a position in which men do not talk at random, he not only pronounced Mr. Spencer to be "one of our deepest thinkers," but he spoke of him from his own point of view, and went into considerable detail in exposition of Mr. Spencer's own original botanical discoveries, and closed with the following words:

"As this paper" (referring to an account of Spencer's researches) "will, I believe, be especially alluded to by the President of the Biological Section, I need dwell no further on it here, than to quote it as an example of what may be done by an acute observer and experimentalist, versed in physics and chemistry, but, above all, thoroughly instructed in scientific methods." It may be observed that Mr. Spencer had entered upon these botanical investigations to clear up some unexplored points of organic development bearing upon his philosophy.

Professor Huxley is equally eminent in the department of zoology; and it is well understood that his indorsement of a doubtful man is not to be had. He gave a lecture last winter before the Royal Institution of Great Britain on one of the branches of biology. From the syllabus furnished to the institution by himself, we extract the following. He is speaking of the doctrine of evolution: "The only complete and systematic statement of the doctrine with which I am acquainted is that contained in Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'System of Philosophy'; a work which should be carefully studied by all who desire to know whither scientific thought is tending."

Professor Masson, of the University of Edinburgh, in his late work entitled "Recent British Philosophy," says: "Already, in consequence both of the decisiveness of his views and the variety of interesting subjects over which they extend, Mr. Spencer, more than any other systematic British thinker, save Mill, has an avowed following both here and in America; and, if any individual influence is visibly encroaching on Mill's in this country, it is his. For my own part, believing that no type of man ought to be more precious to a nation than a resolute systematic thinker, and believing Mr. Spencer to be a very high specimen of this type, I anticipate nothing but good—nothing, at least, but a clearing away of the bad—from what he has already done, or may yet do."

Dr. McCosh, in the new edition of his "Intuitions of Mind," though far from agreeing with Mr. Spencer, observes: "His bold generalizations are always suggestive, and some may in the end be established as the profoundest laws of the knowable universe."

Dr. J. G. Macvicar, eminent as well in science as in philosophical theology, in his late work entitled "Mind; its Powers and Capacities," says of Mr. Spencer that he is "an author who is both extensively and profoundly versed in science, and who writes, on all the subjects which he handles, with great power, equally of observation, abstraction, and generalization."

Mr. George Henry Lewes is a man of consideration in the field of science, and is perhaps the leading English historian of philosophy. In the last edition of his great historical work, he says of Mr. Spencer: "He alone, of all British thinkers, has organized a philosophy. . . . Even antagonists are compelled to admit the force and clearness of his genius, and the extent and profundity of his scientific knowledge. It is questionable whether any thinker of finer calibre has appeared in our country."

The eminent position of Mr. John Stuart Mill in relation to all the higher questions of philosophy is well understood. In his review of Hamilton, Mill says that Mr. Spencer is "one of the acutest metaphysicians of modern times;" and, in his review of Comte, he affirms that "Mr. Spencer is one of the small number of persons who, by the solidity and encyclopaedic character of their knowledge, and by their power of coordination and concatenation, may claim to be the peers of M. Comte." As a further evidence of the importance which Mr. Mill attaches to the philosophical undertaking upon which Mr. Spencer is engaged, it may be stated that when, some two or three years ago, there was danger that his enterprise would

have to be abandoned from lack of pecuniary support, Mr. Mill declared that such an event would be a public calamity, and, to avert it, he offered to assume himself the whole responsibility of the publication—a proposition which was alike creditable to his head and his heart.

The leading British reviews speak in the same strain of high appreciation. In a recent able article on the tendencies of inquiry in England, in the *Saturday Review*, which is notoriously not over-lavish in its praises of anybody, the writer says: "If we were to give our own judgment, we should say that, since Newton, there has not in England been a philosopher of more remarkable speculative and systematizing talent than (in spite of some errors and some narrowness) Mr. Herbert Spencer." When to these facts it is added that Mr. Spencer's works have been translated into Russian, and into French by three different professors of philosophy, the reader will be prepared to rate the statement of the *Nation* at something like its true value.

We have watched with close interest the reception which Mr. Spencer's philosophy has met in the highest quarters, and have failed to find the first instance in which an eminent thinker or an able review has coupled criticism with any disparagement of the intellectual position of the man. Such criticism, on the contrary, whether favorable or adverse, has been ever accompanied by the most generous recognition of the author's genius and power. On the other hand, it is the nameless newspaper scribblers, whose every sentence shows that they do not comprehend the writings they misrepresent; it is the philosophic fledglings who, having dabbled a little in metaphysics, are burning to display their polemical prowess; it is the prejudiced adherents of old traditions, who, snuffing danger from every advance of science, go into paroxysms of indignation at the attempt to form any thing like a scientific philosophy—it is these who mingle abuse with argument and carry their points with the "general public" by the vulgar tactics of derision and depreciation.

TABLE-TALK.

THE late letter of President White, of Cornell University, defining the qualifications required of students for entrance into that institution, was read with interest by all the friends of true educational improvement. He stated that a knowledge of Latin is not indispensable to admission, but that a knowledge of English is. Latin is required only as a special preparation for a special course—the classical; a preparation in English branches, which the president pledges himself shall be "no farce," is demanded of all.

This recognition of the claims of the vernacular tongue as paramount to those of a language now no longer spoken by man, is so obvious a dictate of common-sense, that we are half inclined to wonder how it has come to be looked upon as a kind of victory, and the institution which makes it as a conspicuous example of progressive liberality. It begins to be pretty well understood, however, that this old habit of requiring a Latin preparation for admission to college, is at the expense of a good English preparation. In spite of all that is said about the value of a knowledge of Latin, as a help to the study of English, the real fact of the case turns out to be, that it is a great hinderance. President White says: "Curiously enough, many present themselves with some attainments in Latin and Greek, and even with certificates showing that they have taught in public schools, but without the 'sound ordinary English education' required by our statutes."

It results from the principle that one thing excludes another, as well in mind as in matter, that the requirement of Latin by boys consumes the time and the effort which are necessary to obtain a critical and thorough acquaintance with the native language; and experience abundantly verifies this working of the principle. One of the most mischievous effects, therefore,

of the old collegiate system has been by its inflexible demand of the rudiments of Latin for all students, to react powerfully upon the lower or preparatory schools, causing them to rank Latin as all-important, and English as of slight account. A great point is therefore gained where an institution, with the position and prospects of the Cornell University, reduces Latin to its proper place, as a special requisite for a special course, and raises the standard of English, making a thorough knowledge of it an indispensable necessity for all.

It is reported that the circulation of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels has sensibly diminished the French love of "glory," that the soldier is no longer the popular idol, and that the revival in Paris of some of Scribe's military plays has consequently fallen flat. We trust it is so; for the tyranny exercised by the sabre over the public of the second empire, body and soul, is something that must be seen in order to be fully appreciated. Not only is the soldier exempt from the jurisdiction of the civil courts, virtually allowed to do pretty much what he pleases among the *pekins*, but public opinion seems to justify all his outrages. We have heard much of the ordinary Englishman's funkiness before a lord, but this feeling is independence itself compared with the abasement of French civilians before the military. A favorite scene in a French play or story is a citizen bullied by an officer, the former being, of course, represented in a ridiculous, the latter in an interesting light; and a public of civilians applauds its own disgrace. The literary men go with the stream; even the unlucky De Pene, who was all but assassinated by a conspiracy of forty-three officers of the *Guides* for having criticised their manners in society, ended by (metaphorically) licking the boots of the savages who had half-killed him. We trust, indeed, that the popularity of Erckmann-Chatrian may tend to abate this perversion of public sentiment; meanwhile we are bound to notice that the latest popular *feuilletonist*, a man who has won renown by making legitimate life as indecent as illegitimate, reproduces the conventional ridiculous civilian—doubly ridiculous as a civilian and a husband—and the triumphant military.

Popular legends, whether plausible or improbable, frequently owe their origin to verbal misapprehensions. The brant, or barnacle-goose, with its supposed production from the barnacle shell-fish, is a fair specimen of this class. Had not the legend been older than the general use of spectacles, under the name of barnacles, or any other, the existence of a spectacled-goose (so called from its markings) might have accounted for the story. The probable explanation is that given by Max Müller, a confusion of the mediæval Latin words *hibernicula* (the winter-bird) and *bernacula* (the shell-fish). All Müller's explanations, however, are not so happy. He refers Whittington's cat to *geat*, the Norman form of the French *achat* (traffic). But the Dutch *katt* (cargo) supplies a readier explanation, which is confirmed by a familiar expression still common in England, though unknown here. A landsman, on his first sea-sickness, was said, in the not-over-refined language of the sailors, to *shoot his cat*, i. e., discharge his cargo, and hence *to cat* is low English slang, to the present day, for *to vomit*. It may be observed that *kit*, an obvious diminutive of *cat* (cargo), is still used for a sailor's baggage.

Scientific Notes.

THE instability of all terrestrial things is proverbial, but it was long believed that the heavens were perfect and unchangeable. In an interesting lecture upon this subject, before the Royal Institution, by Professor Grant, of Glasgow, he stated that this notion of the immutability of the heavens "prevailed during two thousand years, being adopted by the Church, and whoever expressed an opposite opinion was regarded as heretical or insane; and it formed part of the system of phi-

cosmology which only finally fell before the reiterated assaults of Bacon, Galileo, and other eminent men, in the seventeenth century." As convincing evidence that changes are really taking place in the heavenly bodies, Professor Grant commented at some length on the facts that certain stars have entirely vanished from our sight; that new stars have appeared; that many stars vary in brightness, some regularly at stated intervals, and others quite irregularly; and that some stars change their color; and he referred to examples given in ancient records and modern observations. Among others, the professor especially referred to the very bright star in Cassiopeia, observed by Tycho Brahe in 1572, which, after diminishing in brightness and varying in color, finally disappeared in March, 1574; and to the very bright star which appeared in Corona Borealis, in 1666, and which is still visible with greatly diminished lustre. The professor next alluded to the sun itself as a variable star, and, after referring to its physical constitution—a dark, central, glowing mass enclosed in luminous gaseous envelopes—commented on the black spots on its disk, now attributed to great rents in these envelopes. He then said that, "as the revelations of the spectroscopic have proved that the chemical constitution of the stars resembles that of the sun, it is highly probable that their variability in brightness and color is equally due to the operation of the same physical laws manifested in the solar phenomena, and which are effecting such great transformations in our own globe. Are there, then," said the professor, "no ideas of eternity associated with our contemplation of the glorious works of creation? Yes; the Supreme Intelligence which presides over all these arrangements is eternal; truth is eternal; virtue is eternal; the hope that is in us is eternal."

M. Gonon, the celebrated French bronze-founder, has just made two communications to the Society of Encouragement, both interesting in their various aspects. In the first place, he submitted a casting representing a nest attacked by a bird of prey at the moment when the branch, on which it reposes, has been broken by the storm; the details of branches, foliage, plumage, and the smallest accessories, have been made in a single casting, with all the polish of the highest finished model; and the subject just issued from the mould, and still retaining the jets and air-holes, shows that no retouch has been given to it. In the second place, he has developed the processes of the lost art of casting with wax, perfected by his father and himself in such a way as to solve the greatest difficulties. He shows that the ancient Greeks, two thousand five hundred years ago, and other ancient people, skilfully practised this art, and that, among those of Asia, the Japanese were distinguished for the admirable finish of their bronzes; he traces its existence among the Florentines in the sixteenth century, and in France in the seventeenth, when the Brothers Keller sent their masterpieces to Versailles, after which it appears to have been lost, until M. Gonon's father began his long and laborious researches, which he has only recently brought to a successful termination. At the last great Exhibition he contributed a nest of *fauvets* in a branch of lilac in flower, which was rewarded with a gold medal. The subject shown to the Society likewise reunited in itself almost all the technical difficulties, and with the same happy result. M. Gonon, in explaining the principal operations of casting, informed the Society that the sculptor can model the wax directly, as he did for the subject shown. When a solid model is wanted, a mould must be made. In operating by halves, the sculptor makes first, in a plaster cope, using special precautions, a hollow mould of compound gelatine, which possesses the property of not being influenced by the air. This mould, cooled and freed from its cope, comes off the model like a linen cloth; is placed again in the cope which sustains it, is slightly greased, and into it the wax is poured with the utmost rapidity; the wax coagulates on the cold sides of the mould, and, when of sufficient thickness, the excess of non-coagulated wax is poured upon it. Afterward a little very soft wax is put upon the edges of the two halves of the mould, so as to leave no trace of separation between them. The core is placed inside in joining the two halves, and the wax, stripped of plaster, cope, and gelatine, represents with perfect fidelity the model to be reproduced. When this wax is well verified, the jets and air-holes are posed; the first are always placed in such a way as to carry the fused metal to the base of the mould, so that, when rising, it may drive the air before it. The mould is made upon the wax with prepared earths, ground very fine, so as to obtain a perfect imprint; it is rapidly made, and placed quite wet on the fire, which does not tear it. This mass, without jointure, is heated, the wax becomes liquid, and runs out through a small opening, leaving on the earth an empty space, which rigorously preserves the form the wax had taken. The model is then heated to a red heat, not only to burn the greasy matter with which the wax penetrated the earth, but also to give this earth the proper consistency, porosity, and other qualities necessary to contract under the action of the metal during the cooling process.

What is the nature of the tails of comets? This has long been a sore perplexity to men of science, and many a hypothesis has been ven-

tured which proved little more substantial than the subject itself. Professor Tyndall has just propounded a new one. We gave, a few weeks since, an account of his recent beautiful experiments on the formation of clouds in closed tubes containing highly-rarefied vapors, under the action of the rays of the electric light. He holds these clouds to be the results of chemical transformation produced by the action on chemical rays. Professor Tyndall thinks that these experiments give a clew to the question of cometary tails. They are always, he says, turned from the sun, and their growth is too rapid to be consistent with the hypothesis that they have been projected from the comet, or have been left behind like the fire of a rocket in its course. The solar heat, he thinks, disperses the vapors which surround the comet, but as this heat is intercepted by the body of the comet, a tail is produced by the deposit of vapors in the track where this interception takes place.

A new mineral, rich in thallium, has been discovered by a Swedish *savant*, M. Nordenskjöld, who has called it *Crookesite*, in honor of Mr. Crookes. The extreme scarceness of thallium renders the discovery of this mineral very interesting. He discovered it while examining the minerals, rich in selenium, deposited in the Stockholm Museum, and observed, likewise, that two other minerals contained small quantities of thallium. This new mineral, the crookesite, is in small, compact, opaque masses, of leadish-gray color, and resembles chalkosine for its hardness and malleability. The pipe reduces it easily to a brilliant enamel of a greenish black, while the color of the flame is dark green. It does not dissolve in chlorhydric acid, but acetic acid, on the contrary, attacks and dissolves it easily and completely. Its analysis has given: copper 46.76, thallium 17.35, silver 2.71, selenium 23.28. The small quantity of silver is doubtless derived from the eukairite found mixed with the crookesite.

The striking coincidence, between the extreme heat of the year 1868 and the almost total absence of zodiacal light, was very remarkable. This light, so brilliant in 1867 that, even on the first days of the new moon, it was quite perceptible, was hardly distinguishable last year from the stellar rays. Since the month of December last, however, it has reappeared with a considerable degree of brilliancy, but without ever attaining the splendid beauty of 1867. The intermittent nature of this light has long been observed, but, unfortunately, no regular note has been taken of the time of decrease or increase in brightness which might give an idea of the period of rotation. It is evident that the greater or less degree of thickness of this solar envelope is one of the principal causes of variations in annual temperature. Another observation that has frequently been made is, that zodiacal light, which often makes the round of the whole visible heavens, always leaves a space exactly at the zenith.

A new method for drying green wood in a short time (says the *Builder*) consists in boiling it for some time in water, and then leaving it to cool, by which the soluble substances are removed. It is then boiled in an aqueous solution of borax, by which the insoluble albumen of the wood is rendered soluble, and escapes from the pores. The wood is then placed in drying chambers, heated by steam, and allowed to remain three days. Wood thus treated is described as being more compact than it would be by ten years of ordinary exposure—not shrinking or warping, and being secure against decay on account of its greater density. It is more easily polished and better fitted for articles of furniture, or for musical instruments.

The Russian Doctor Habbenet, professor at the University of Kiev, has just published a report, full of heart-rending incidents, of the siege of Sevastopol, of which he was a witness. The following passages show the terrible consequences of this campaign to the Russians: Of 169,000 men who succeeded each other in the defence of Sevastopol, up to November 1, 1855, the time when typhus fever broke out in the Russian army, 30,000 men only, that is to say less than one-fifth, remained hale and well; more than 76,000 were wounded, 15,000 were killed, 46,000 were laid up in hospital, among whom 8,500 died from the effects of their disease.

Carbolic acid is very destructive to the lower orders of vegetable and animal life, and is therefore a valuable agent for the prevention of mould. The *Journal of Chemistry* says that two or three drops of it to a bottle of ink will prevent mouldiness; and about thirty drops added to a pint of water, used for making paste, will prevent its moulding. Carbolic acid, however, is a poison, and should be used with care.

It is proved that animal life may exist under great pressure. M. Deville has erected an apparatus in his laboratory in which fishes swim under a pressure of four hundred atmospheres, or six thousand pounds to the inch.

Dr. Michael Foster, of University College, London, has received the appointment of Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institute of Great Britain.

The Museum.

EVERYBODY has heard of the "frog that would a-wooloo go." From the photograph we gave of him the other week, it seems he has taken to wings, and sails through the air on his courting excursions. But perhaps so many have not heard of the fish that would a-fishing go. Of course we all understand that the big fishes eat up the little ones, and consequently they have to catch them before they can do it; but that is not what we mean by a fish going a-fishing. Running down the little creatures, and swallowing them at a mouthful, is a very beastly business; there is no art, artifice, or refinement about it. It is a prosy affair of common dietetics. But there is a fish which does the thing artistically, with regular strategy; and the curious thing about it is, that Nature has furnished him with a full equipment for the purpose—rod, line, and bait.



The Angler-Fish.

The angler-fish, as is shown by the accompanying likeness, is no beauty: he is about a yard long, and has a huge toad-like head, an enormous gaping mouth, and a formidable array of teeth. The first dorsal, or back fin, is almost wholly wanting, its place being occupied by two or three long, slender, movable spines. These spines are fastened to the body by means of joints. One is attached by a hinge, which permits only of motion backward and forward. The first spine

is connected by a regular ring and staple, and admits of movement in all directions, as it is pulled this way or that by the muscles. This is the angler's pole, which continues into a fine filament or line, and at the end there is a loose, shining slip of membrane, which plays the part of a bait.

The angler-fish is a slow swimmer, and would have but little success if it had to chase the swift and active fishes upon which it feeds. So it snares them. Partially hiding itself in the mud or sand, as other anglers conceal themselves in bushes or behind banks, it waves its long filaments with their glittering tips. Fishes, as is well known, are attracted by glistening objects moved about in the water. The neighboring fish, following the instincts of their inquisitive nature, come to examine the curious object and see whether it is eatable, and are suddenly snapped up in the wide jaws of their hidden foe.

The angler-fish is a most voracious creature, and has, on several occasions, been known to seize a fish that had been hooked, and was being drawn to the surface. In one such case, the angler seized on a cod-fish, and held so tightly that it would not loosen its grip until struck on the head with a boat-hook. On another occasion, the fish fell a victim to its over-voracity, for, having dashed at a conger-eel, just hooked, and taken it into its mouth, the eel contrived to escape through one of the gill apertures, and thus was the unconscious means of involving its captor in its own fate. Even the cork-floats on lines and nets have been swallowed by the greedy fish, and, when taken in a net, it devours its fellow-prisoners with perfect unconcern.

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